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## AN HISTORIC MICHIGAN ROAD

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YPSILANTI

THE recent official opening of the Chicago Road, marking the completion of a paved highway from Detroit to Chicago over the most famous road in Michigan history, is an occasion of great interest to the people of Michigan. An era in Michigan history is ended and another begun. Already freight is being carried over the same route in the air, who shall say what another era will bring?

Michigan was rather slow in acquiring settlements in the beginning of the great westward movement of population after the War of 1812, not only on account of the great distances that must be traversed but because a very unfavorable report had been circulated in the East concerning its availability for settlement. As early as 1787, James Monroe who had been sent West to report concerning conditions in the Northwest, declared that the country was most unfavorable for settlement. He says, "A great part of the Territory is miserably poor, especially that near Lakes Michigan and Erie. \* \* The districts, therefore, within which these fall will never contain sufficient number of inhabitants to entitle them to membership in the confederacy." After the War of 1812 Congress directed that a report should be made of land in the Northwest suit-

able to serve as bounty land for soldiers who had served in the war. Edward Tiffin, United States surveyor general for the Northwest, accordingly reported to President Madison that Michigan was unsuited for such a purpose. He said that there "would not be more than one acre out of one hundred, if there would be one out of a thousand that would, in any case, admit of cultivation, \* \* the intermediate space between the swamps and lakes, which is probably nearly one-half of the country, is, with very few exceptions, a poor, barren, sandy land, on which scarcely any vegetation grows, except very small scrubby oaks."<sup>1</sup> President Madison, accordingly, recommended to Congress that since Michigan consisted of swamps and lakes or was otherwise unfit for cultivation the soldiers' land grants be given in other places. Morse's school geography printed "interminable swamp" across the map of the interior of Michigan until 1839. His *Traveller's Guide* declared that there were sand hills "extending into the interior as far as the dividing ridge \* \* sometimes crowned with a few stunted trees, and a scanty vegetation, but generally bare, and thrown by the wind into a thousand fantastic shapes." It is no wonder that Michigan was avoided.

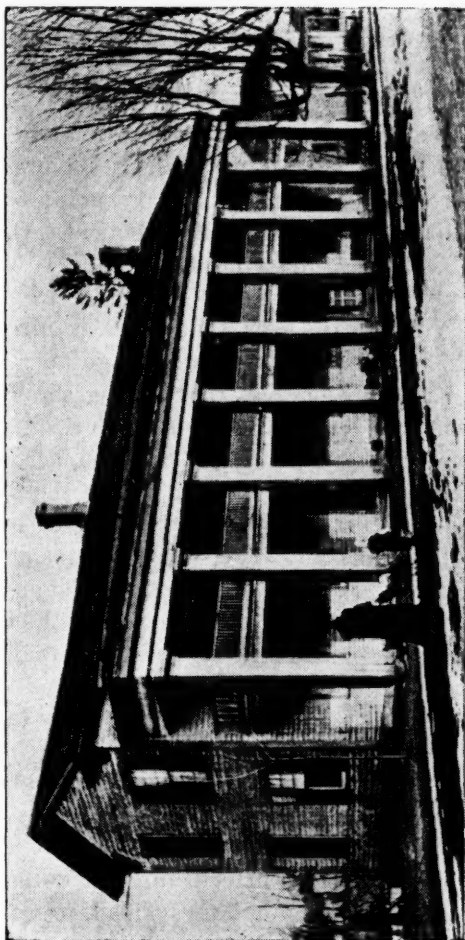
Ypsilanti had been a fur-trading post up to 1819 but with the Saginaw Indian treaty the country was open to settlement and there was a desire to sell land where before the idea was to keep people out on account of the fur trade and efforts were made to advertise the good qualities of the country. To Governor Cass belongs much the greatest credit for extending a true knowledge of the character of Michigan Territory. He was the best informed of anyone as to the actual conditions and passed over the Chicago Indian Trail in 1820 for the purpose of making a true report of the land. His account was published officially and soon people began to come.<sup>2</sup>

To Father Gabriel Richard of Detroit is due the introduction of a bill in Congress authorizing a survey of a road from

<sup>1</sup>Fuller, *Economic and Social Beginnings of Michigan*, p. 50.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 201.





Building erected in 1830, possibly the year before, known as the Eagle Tavern until the Civil War when its name was changed to "The Union Hotel." In later years known as "The Smith Hotel." It was used as a hotel as late as 1885. It is still occupied by a daughter of the last owner, Miss Mary Ella Smith. Here the soldiers gathered who went to the Mexican War from this section, a grand ball being given to them just before they left. They wrote their names on the wall where they were preserved for many years. This hotel was the center of many stirring scenes during the Civil War as well. Perhaps it is the oldest building still occupied on the Chicago Road.

Detroit to Chicago and the appropriation of money to begin the work. Father Richard was Territorial delegate from Michigan Territory, a man of great activity and power of leadership and greatly devoted to the interests of the territory. His bill came to a hearing before the House of Representatives Jan. 28, 1825. The Debates of Congress report only a summary of his speech on that occasion but show that he knew thoroughly well what he was talking about. He urges the importance of the road both from a military point of view and as to its necessity in the matter of settlement. He says that the Grand Canal (meaning the Erie Canal) will be finished the next July and that then "We consider Detroit in contact with New York." He says that there is already a ship with a movable keel on the lakes ready to go all the way to New York. He reminds Congress that during the War of 1812 the government had suffered a loss of ten or twelve million dollars because there had been no road across the Black Swamp (Northeastern Ohio, across which the government had tried to transport supplies to the armies only to have them sunk in the mud) and that the same sort of thing might happen again if it were necessary to get supplies to Chicago, Green Bay in Wisconsin and Prairie Du Chien. He argues that the road will cost the government less than nothing because of the greatly increased value of the land caused by the fact of there being a road through it. He says families are already coming to Detroit who wish to get into the interior but cannot because there is no road. He states that there are now ten surveyors in the region, the land will soon be thrown open for settlement but will not sell without a road. He asked for the modest sum of fifteen hundred dollars but Congress gave him three thousand dollars instead, to make the survey.<sup>3</sup> This must have been for mere preliminary work for of thirty thousand dollars which Congress had appropriated for surveys in 1824, one-third was used in this survey. In 1830

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<sup>3</sup>*Debates of Congress, 1824-25 I, 374-375.*

Andrew Jackson signed another bill appropriating eight thousand dollars for this road.

The survey was begun in 1825 from Detroit. It was planned to run the road on straight lines but that was found to be altogether too costly an undertaking considering the appropriations that had been made, and the idea was abandoned. To clear vistas for the compass and to find fords across rivers and passageways around swamps would be more than could be undertaken. In consequence it was decided to follow the well-marked Indian trail that the Indians had followed from time immemorial. This was known as the Great Sauk Trail and ran from Detroit to Chicago and on to Green Bay, Wisconsin. One branch ran from the head of Lake Michigan across Illinois to the Mississippi. It was crossed and intersected so many times that it was impossible for one not accustomed to it to follow it without a guide. Near the present city of Niles, where the trail crossed the St. Joseph river, trails intersected from all parts of Michigan and Indiana. La Salle, returning from one of his imperialistic schemes for controlling all the valley of the Mississippi, was the first white man to cross Michigan by this route.<sup>4</sup> It had been used by the Indians and their ponies for so long a period that it was worn deep into the ground so that in places it could be traced even thirty years after the Chicago Road was in full operation.<sup>5</sup>

Very little work was done on the road until 1830. Before that time it was a good four days' work for an ox team to haul a load from Detroit to Ypsilanti. In 1830 a team with a load of goods reached Ann Arbor from Detroit in three days, apparently a record up to that time. An officer who was sent to look after Indian affairs in Wisconsin came by this route in 1831 and reports a "graded road" to Ypsilanti which was covered in one day. The road was an almost continuous causeway from Detroit to within three miles of Ypsilanti. Earth had been thrown over the logs laid crossways of the road

<sup>4</sup>Qualfe, *Chicago Highways*, p. 38.

<sup>5</sup>*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, VIII, 195.

making it unusually good for a wilderness road. Where there had not been time to cover the logs with earth the road was called "corduroy", and since wagons had no springs and balloon tires had not been invented it is easy to imagine the thumping and bumping the traveler was subjected to. The traveler mentioned above was treated to "good fare" at Ypsilanti and "a choice of the softest boards on the bar room floor" for his bed during the night. The road had been worked between Ypsilanti and Saline. "Then came turnpike jobbers, some clearing, some ploughing and scraping, and jobs not yet commenced." From Clinton the road was merely a wagon track or an Indian trail. He usually found a house or an Indian trader's hut to put up at for the night.<sup>6</sup>

Michigan was doomed to delays. No sooner was the road opened into Michigan than an Indian scare developed, the famous Black Hawk War. Like many of the Indian wars this one occurred largely in the excited imaginations of the people. Such massacres as that at the River Raisin and the one at Fort Dearborn were sufficient to implant in the minds of the scattered frontiersmen with their women and children far from aid a frantic fear of an Indian uprising. Black Hawk and his tribe had just passed over the Indian trail from Detroit to Chicago. They had been at Fort Malden close to Amherstburg opposite the upper end of Bois Blanc (Bob-Lo) island in the Detroit river. Once a year the British government distributed presents here to the Indians who usually camped on Bois Blanc. From the time of the British occupation of Canada this custom had continued. Even after the United States held entire sway in our own territory the Indians continued to come from as far west as the Mississippi river to the annual distribution of presents at Malden. In 1829 the British government distributed here sixty tons of presents.

It is not surprising that the American frontiersmen were

<sup>6</sup>*Ibid*, I, 48.

suspicious of the British government. This policy was followed until 1839. Black Hawk's Indians had received among other things presents of arms and ammunition and the people in Michigan feared that they would retreat back along the trail to Canada.<sup>7</sup> Of course, depredations could be expected and the wildest panic prevailed. The militia was called out and went as far west as Niles. Chicago was defenceless and called upon Detroit for help. General John R. Williams of Detroit hastened there with several hundred Michigan militia and secured the place until the arrival of the regulars. The scare had been so great that many families, starting or about to start for Michigan, took a different course and settled in other parts, while many families already here fled in panic to more secure regions. There was one good result from Black Hawk's uprising, for the soldiers who entered the region sent back word of the rich country. Cass, who was Secretary of War now under Jackson, took occasion to force from the Indians large accessions of territory, and the movement into the Northwest took on an added impetus.

The fear of the Indians had hardly subsided when there came an enemy far more terrifying and deadly than the Indians ever were in American history, the Asiatic cholera. It reached the interior by way of Canada. Many people died throughout Michigan and it is probable that the disease hindered the coming of settlers as much as the Black Hawk war had done. It is said that half the United States soldiers at Detroit under General Scott who had been sent in to check the Indians, died of the disease. The legislature passed an act authorizing the towns to establish rigid quarantines against all travelers, which many of them did. For a time all travelers going westward along the Chicago Road were obliged to make long circuits around the towns to avoid arrest. This is admitted to be the first official use of the "Detour" sign in Michigan history. Ypsilanti was so determined to keep out

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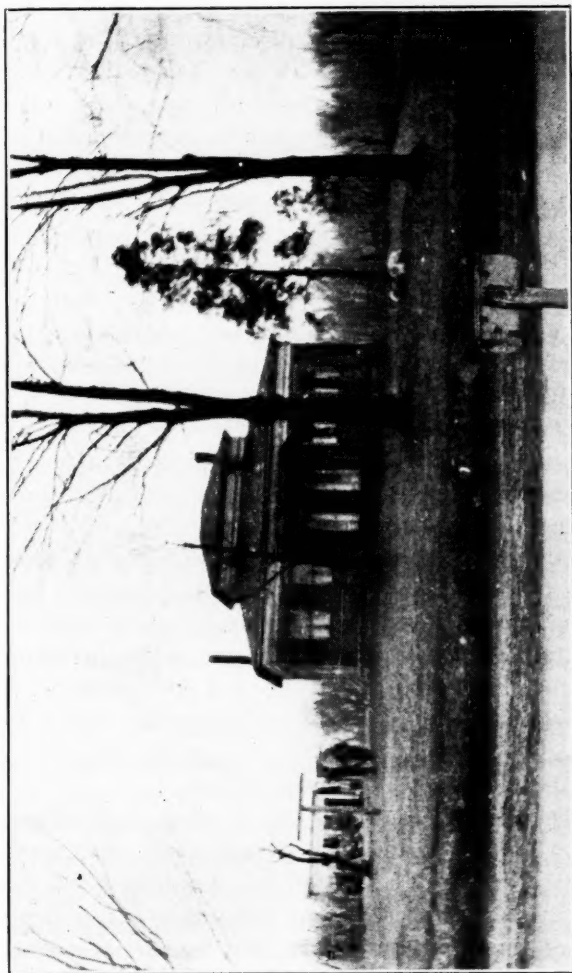
<sup>7</sup>Fuller, *Economic and Social Beginnings of Michigan*, pp. 57-60.

all danger that even the boy governor, Stevens T. Mason, journeying westward from Detroit found it advisable not to venture within the limits of the town's authority. He hired a guide at the last tavern east of town and made a circuit around to the west. On reaching the road again it occurred to him that if he went on from there it might be a long time between drinks. The last oasis had been the tavern three miles east, there was no other tavern for several miles west, it seemed to him that there might not be serious objection to a traveler coming from the west and he ventured into town. He was promptly arrested in spite of his governorship and it was not until the sheriff was called in that the governor was released.<sup>8</sup>

From this time on the settlement of Michigan went on rapidly. The openings where the timber was either absent or thinly scattered were first settled as a rule. There were no statistics kept but apparently there were more people settling here in 1833-34 than in all the time before. By the close of 1834 there were nine thousand people in this region, by 1837 it considered itself a well settled section.

The earliest settlers were largely from nearby Ohio and Indiana with a less number from Kentucky and Tennessee. It is said that the major part of the earliest people traced their ancestry back to the South Atlantic states, mainly Virginia and North Carolina. They consisted of the democratic pioneer farmers of the interior of those states who had been bought out by the Virginia planters when the cotton gin had made cotton planting on a large scale profitable and the soil of the tide-water region was becoming exhausted. They had moved to the interior, some into the Southwest but more into the Northwest, settling eventually largely in Indiana and Illinois from which states some of their descendants came to Michigan in the first pioneer movement. Harriet Martineau, a celebrated English writer on history and political economy

<sup>8</sup>Colburn, *The Story of Ypsilanti*, p. 82.



Old brick house on the Chicago Road, said to have been built eighty years ago, from brick made on the place. It is quaint but has good lines and stands for the better class of early houses built after the settlers had become well established.



who came through this region along the Chicago Road in 1836, comments on the people in the southwestern section of the state. "I never saw such an affectionate set of people. They, like many others, were from one of the southern states: and I was not surprised to find all emigrants from North and South Carolina well satisfied with the change they had made. The old lady seemed to enjoy her pipe, and there was much mirth going on between the beautiful daughter and all the other men and maidens.<sup>9</sup> There is no need of feeling sorry for our ancestors on account of the sadness of their condition, they seemed abundantly able to take care of themselves. One member of Congress described the pleasures of log cabin life in terms of unquestioned approval. "Now for the frolic", he says. "The frolic consisted in dancing, playing and singing love-and-murder songs, eating johnny-cake and pumpkin pies and drinking new whiskey and brown sugar out of a gourd.

\* \* But let me tell you, Sir, our girls were not to be sneezed at. They presented a form in beauty, that marked the developments of nature, when unrestrained by corsets, and the withering dissipations of fashionable and high life; and their guileless hearts looked through a countenance that demanded confidence in their innocence and unsullied virtue. But, Oh! their forms! When you plied your arm to their waists, in the giddy waltz, with twenty-five yards of linsey, in which they were comfortably enwrapped, you had an armful of health and firmness."<sup>10</sup> According to all accounts, all we have to do to bring back some part of the "good old times" is to add some twenty-two or three yards of "linsey."

Much the greater number of the settlers of Michigan were from New England or New England stock, coming here by way of New York. John T. Blois who published a *Gazeteer of Michigan* in 1838, is certain that two-thirds of our population then was of New England origin, and "generally possessed of superior intelligence and enterprise." He is very proud of

<sup>9</sup>Martineau, *Society in America*, I, 245.

<sup>10</sup>*North American Review*, 52: 123 (1841).

Michigan's enterprise and thinks it due to Puritan ancestry. He says, "Look at the magnitude of the public improvements projected and commenced; look at the system of public education now going into operation; and then inquire of another state in the first year of her birth, that can boast its equal."<sup>11</sup> To be sure, our vast system of internal improvements was due to a disastrous ending but the system of education that Michigan put into effect established a standard to which other states looked for many years afterward.

In 1829 the first postoffice west of Ypsilanti was opened at White Pigeon. The mail carrier plodded along the old Indian trail once a week each way in summer and once in two weeks in winter. The first election was held in White Pigeon in 1827, fourteen votes being recorded. Soon regular stage lines were running. By 1830 a semi-weekly stage line was running from Detroit to Ypsilanti and Tecumseh. In 1832 it was extended to Niles, in 1833 a line was established between Niles and Chicago. By 1835 there were daily stages running directly between Detroit and Chicago and the demand for passage was so great that reservations had to be made in advance, in fact, seats in the stage became objects of speculation. Soon there was a double daily stage running and extra wagons were put on to carry the travelers.<sup>12</sup> Towns sprang up across southern Michigan like beads on a string along with the development of the road. Mitchell's map published in Lanman's *History of Michigan* in 1839 shows the road from Ypsilanti to Saline where it branches, one line going straight west through Wampalers to "The Junction," the other to Clinton, Tecumseh and west to "The Junction" where the historic Walker Tavern stands. Jonesville, Sturgis, White Pigeon, Edwardsburgh and Niles appear and the road passes southwest out of the state. From the road as an axis settlements sprang up on all sides.

We easily forget in the comforts of travel of to-day the

<sup>11</sup>Blois, *Gazetteer of the State of Michigan* (1838), p. 157.

<sup>12</sup>Qualife, *Chicago Highways*, p. 41.

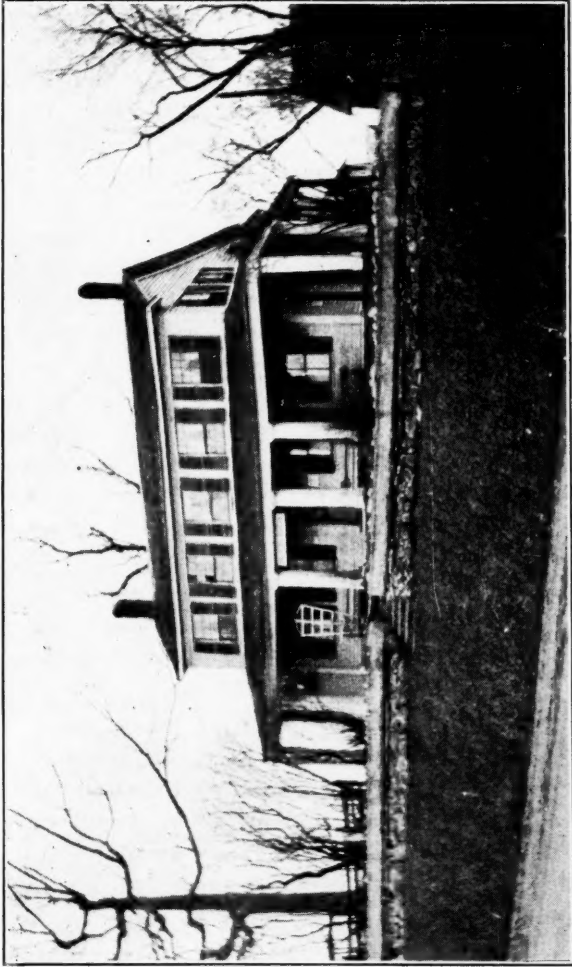
strenuous efforts of travelers of the past. Hon. John D. Pierce who planned our state system of education says, "We had no canals, no railroads; even the old slow coach was scarcely to be found. We had the lumber wagon and the Indian trail. We forded rivers, waded marshes, and when night came, if we found a shanty with a piece of old carpet for a door, we turned in for the night and all were satisfied."<sup>13</sup> A writer in the *Detroit Daily Advertiser* in 1836 declared, "The road from this place to Ypsilanti looks at certain times as if it had been the route of a retreating army, so great is the number of different kinds of wrecks which it exhibits."<sup>14</sup> Miss Martineau and her party hired a special coach to take them over the Chicago Road. It broke down twice just after leaving Detroit. The women walked ahead the first time and were overtaken in an hour. Part of the road was corduroy. "Before long something else snapped," she writes, "the splinter-bar was broken (whatever that was). The driver was mortified; but it was no fault of his. Juggernaut's car would 'have been 'broke to bits' on such a road."<sup>15</sup> West of Jonesville the road was worse than ever, frequently the party were forced to walk and whenever that occurred it was in a place where the walking was difficult. Some of the time the coach had to leave the road and follow a blazed trail through the woods. She says when they walked she usually acted as pioneer, the gentlemen having their ladies to look after. "It was pleasant", she says, "to stand on some dry perch and watch my companions through the holes and pools that I had passed. Such hopping and jumping; such slipping and sliding; such looks of despair from the middle of a pond; such shifting of logs, and carrying of planks, and handing along the fallen trunks of trees."<sup>16</sup> The best and most graphic description of the road is very brief. It was two hundred and fifty-four miles long, it followed as closely as possible the old Indian trail, it wound back and

<sup>13</sup>*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, I, 39.

<sup>14</sup>Fuller, *Economic and Social Beginnings of Michigan*, p. 78.

<sup>15</sup>Martineau, *Society in America*, I, 235.

<sup>16</sup>*Ibid*, I, 239.



The Walker Tavern situated at the junction of the Chicago Road and the road from Monroe to Jackson, built in 1833. It is said that Daniel Webster stopped here and James Fenimore Cooper when he was gathering material for his novel entitled *Oak Openings*. Harriet Martineau is also said to have been entertained here. It has been carefully preserved and is now a museum of pioneer relics. It is located in the midst of the beautiful Irish Hills, one of the beauty spots of Michigan.

forth and must have seemed interminable. One must imagine the slow ox team, the mud and the logs, the long stretches of uninhabited sections and the ever-encompassing wilderness to appreciate the description. Here is the description or characterization. "It stretches itself by devious and irregular windings east and west like a huge serpent lazily pursuing its onward course utterly unconcerned as to its destination."<sup>17</sup>

Along this seemingly never-ending road trooped our pioneer ancestors. The best description of their coming is found in Reynolds' *History of Hillsdale County*, p. 32. "Immediately after the opening of the Chicago Road Jonesville presented daily the appearance of a pioneer camp. All around the little log house of entertainment, where Beniah and Lois Jones made so comfortable a welcome as to cause the wayworn travellers often to forget the discomforts they had experienced in the tangled undergrowth and deep mires of the Cottonwood and Black Swamps, which their wearisome journey had compelled them to cross, white-topped wagons were thickly packed together, and men, women and children engaged in earnest conversation. \* \* Emerging from the forest, coming from the east, would appear a hardy and stalwart pioneer in the prime of life, guiding the ox-team, or teams, that bore along all of the family's personal effects. His boys followed, driving perhaps a cow or two, and a few pigs and sheep. His wife and daughters, tired of their long tramp of many weary miles through woods and swamps and over rough roads, trudged scatteringly behind. Sometimes a hale, white-haired patriarch, staff in hand, with head erect and firm step, would march at the head of the teams or among the grown-up sons and daughters, undaunted by the privations and hardships that he knew so well from former experiences, must be their lot in their new homes. \* \* Following these might be seen others, and more favored immigrants, who had passed less time on the way, for they rode in covered wagons drawn by sleek, well-

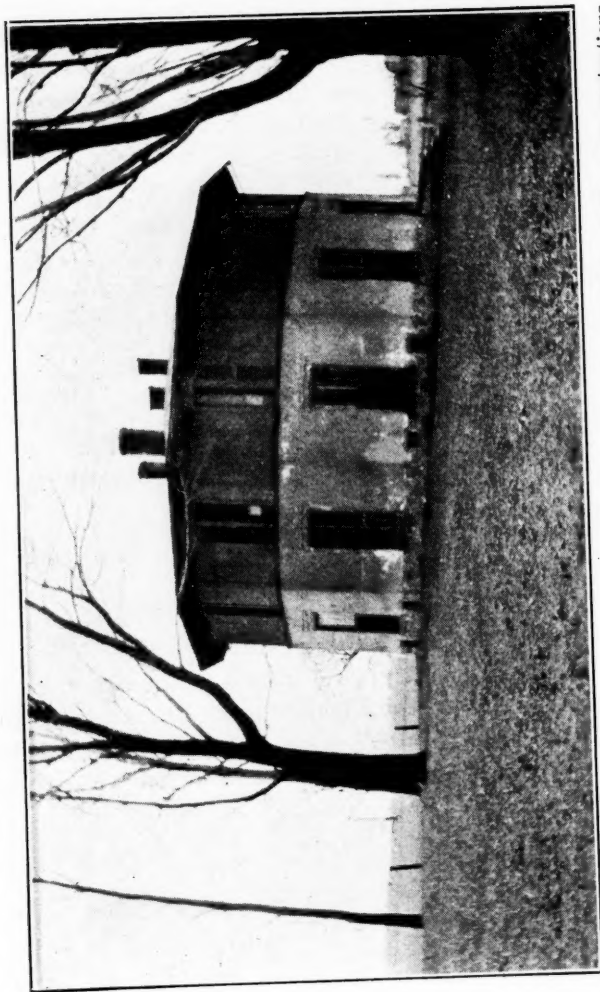
<sup>17</sup>*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, I, 231.

groomed horses, indicating owners in prosperous circumstances." This was a real pageant of Michigan history.

Everyone interested in early Michigan history should read the chapter on her trip through Michigan by Miss Martineau in her book, *Society in America*, Vol. I. She says she met at the hotel in Detroit the healthiest set of faces she had seen since leaving England. A gentleman at the table thinks hanging is the only right treatment for Abolitionists. Detroit is growing, houses cannot be built fast enough, many Irish, German and Dutch settlers are pouring in. She admires the log houses along the way. "The log-houses, always comfortable when well made being easily kept clean, cool in summer and warm in winter,—have an air of beauty about them. The hue always harmonizes well with the soil and vegetation. Those in Michigan have the bark left on, and the corners sawn off close; and are thus both picturesque and neat." At Ypsilanti she picked up an Ann Arbor newspaper. "It was badly printed; but its contents were pretty good; and it could happen nowhere out of America, that so raw a settlement as that at Ann Arbor, where there is difficulty in procuring decent accommodations, should have a newspaper." It is a constant surprise to travelers from Europe that the frontier Americans should have newspapers. This characterized the West in contrast to the East, as well. A Virginia gentleman traveling in Tennessee about this time makes much the same comments. He says that every frontier town of five hundred inhabitants must have a newspaper and that he hears men whose appearance would in Virginia indicate no knowledge of public affairs, discuss political questions with great interest and intelligence.<sup>18</sup>

Miss Martineau noticed that Tecumseh's chief occupation was chairmaking. Every other house seemed to be a chair factory. American pioneers seldom describe the beauties of nature. They seem to have had too much of it. The best

<sup>18</sup>*Atlantic Monthly*, XXVI, 171.



Old octagon house on the Chicago Road near Jonesville, characteristic of the more pretentious houses of seventy years ago.



descriptions of the beauties of the American wilderness come from foreigners. Miss Martineau delights in the country about Sturgis and White Pigeon. "Our drive of twelve miles to breakfast was very refreshing. The road was the best we had traveled since we left New York State. We passed through a wilderness of flowers; trailing roses, enormous white convolvulus, scarlet lilies, and ground-ivy, with many others, being added to those we had seen before. Milton must have travelled in Michigan before he wrote the garden parts of 'Paradise Lost.'" From Sturgis to Niles the roads were so much improved she did not have to walk at all. She had difficulty in understanding some American ways. The ground was thickly strewn with strawberries, they had had some for breakfast and thought to anticipate dinner by buying them from children who were gathering them along the road. They would not sell although strongly urged. They must have berries for father, they said. They were told they could gather more for father but nothing moved them. The driver told Miss Martineau that "money was no object to them." She says, "I began to think that we had, at last, got to the end of the world; or rather, perhaps, to the beginning of another and a better."

It is inspiring to read of the efforts put forth by our forefathers in settling this beautiful country. If our children could know more about the lives of those who came before to prepare an abiding place for us it would help them to appreciate the blessings they now enjoy. Here is a real pageant passing before ones eyes within a few generations in our own Michigan. The Indian hunter and fighter, the French explorer and trader, the French Catholic missionaries, the English soldiers and government officers, the fur company, the American frontiersmen, the pioneer farmer, the settled country and our homes to-day. What can be more thrilling than to stand by the old Chicago Road and in imagination watch it pass by?

## A ROMANTIC CHAIN OF ISLANDS

BY MARION MORSE DAVIS  
PITTSBURG, PENNA.

**A**MONG the learned papers read before one of the earliest meetings of the Michigan Historical Society, when Cass and Schoolcraft were contributing to its success, was one by Henry Whiting, in which he discussed at length the supposed tidal waves of the Great Lakes.

He observes of a "current rushing through the Straits of Mackinaw to Lake Michigan" that "the wave, after traversing the foot of Lake Michigan [is] still somewhat preserved in its artificial elevation, by a chain of islands that run almost the whole breadth of this transit."

But his efforts to bolster up the tidal wave theory are set at naught by the introduction at the end of his paper of letters from both Cass and Schoolcraft, in answer to his inquiries, in which they agree that what has been taken for a tidal wave is probably the effect of the wind.

Concerning the chain of islands mentioned, a series of traditions and tales have arisen which it seems worth while to collect from their various sources and record.

These islands were not of much interest to the earliest explorers and fur-traders. They appear on the maps, variously disposed about the foot of the lake, but variations of location indicate that they were but lightly regarded. To Marquette, who was seeking to convert the Indian tribes beyond the influence of the Mackinac rendezvous, and to explorers like La Salle and Tonty, whose faces were set always toward the Mississippi, their exact location was of little moment.

The chain of islands consists of the Beavers, nine in all, at the north end of the Lake; and the two Manitou Islands, farther up toward the head of the lake, nearer the Chicago end but a long way from it; and lying about midway between these groups, the two Fox Islands, mere dots on the map.

It was to the Beavers (Isles du Castor) that the Chippewas were taking Alexander Henry, after the massacre at Fort Michillimackinac, when he was rescued by the Ottawas at L'Arbre Croche. There were always Indians on the Beavers.

The Fox Islands were too small to hold an Indian family long, who must depend upon the hunting as well as the fishing for their living; and the Manitous, in the early days, were held as sacred as was Mackinac Island, and were not used for ordinary purposes.

One of the Indian legends with regard to the Manitous, connecting its origin with that of Sleeping Bear Point, was lately given in verse in this Magazine.<sup>1</sup> The unique and picturesque character of this point and of these islands, can best be appreciated when seen from the deck of a steamer approaching Glen Haven on a clear day. Glen Haven lies on the mainland just around Sleeping Bear Point and opposite the Manitous.

In legends of Michigan and the Old Northwest, by Judge F. G. Littlejohn, there is an account of an Indian battle between the Sauks, Foxes and Chippewas, on the one side, and the Ottawas on the other, in which the first-named tribes sought to surprise their enemy; the Sauks and Foxes by crossing Lake Michigan from Green Bay, making the Manitous a base of supplies, and the point for massing their forces.

"The Manitou Islands were from their sterility and isolated position named after their Great Spirit by the adjacent tribes. They thus came to be regarded with awe, as a sort of earthly tabernacle for the Invisible One. The Ottawas avoided an approach to them on ordinary occasions."

In the story, Wakazoo and Okemos, the Ottawa chieftains, are forewarned by an exiled chief of the Sauks, and execute a counterplot. Very stirring is the picture of the gathering of the Ottawas from the Grand and Muskegon and Manistee regions, gliding out from the mouths of the rivers and pressing onward in orderly array along the lake shore.

<sup>1</sup>IX, 473-474.

"Not a sound was heard save the measured strokes of many hundred paddles, as the canoes, three abreast, glided in lengthened lines, over the water, running well inshore."

The setting sun sees the combined fleets well within the mouth of the Betsie River. (*Rivière au Becs Scies*, named, as some think, for the saw-billed duck, as was that in the Upper Peninsula, which has also degenerated to Betsy). White Water, the chief of the Elk Rapids and Little Traverse Region, meets them there with a thousand warriors.

The Chippewas, unsuspecting, come down from the North, and the Ottawas surprise and defeat them "near the inner lake" (Glen Lake, possibly) and drive them to the beach before the Sauks and Foxes, two thousand strong, suddenly appear in a fleet of canoes coming out of the channel between the Manitou islands. Warned of the disaster by the signals of the defeated Chippewas, and buffeted by a suddenly risen gale, they try to turn back to the Manitous. Finding this impossible, they manage to land on Sleeping Bear Point. Then around these shores there rages a fierce battle, ending in the total rout of the invading Chippewas and their allies, the Sauks and Foxes, who had hoped to regain their old lands on the Saginaw Bay.

Allowing for pardonable exaggeration, one may suppose the story to be a good account of an old Indian battle. Judge Littlejohn rode the circuit from Allegan to Grand Traverse many times, and had opportunities to learn from the Indians which are rare today. The fact that he liked to introduce into all his narratives certain familiar characters, the scout Lynx-Eye, and the pale-face hunter Dead Shot, who had married the Ottawa princess Mishawaha, and the probable exaggeration in numbers for which his Indian informants were responsible, detract somewhat from the accuracy of the narration of the main incidents, but this is in a measure off-set by his knowledge of the Indian methods of warfare and his familiarity with the localities described.

Seeing the humdrum lives of the patient descendants of the old Indian warriors no one wonders that they love to dwell on the legends of the days when their ancestors ruled all this land, or that they are prone to exaggerate when telling the tales of oldtime conflicts.

Oh the brave days of our fathers  
When they moved in countless numbers  
Past the headlands, up the rivers!

When they camped upon the islands  
On the Manitous and Foxes  
And the far-off isles of Beaver!

When they fought their stormy battles  
All along these shores and inlets  
In the brave days gone forever!

Now we wear the white man's clothing,  
And we try his ways to follow,  
But our hearts are beating sadly  
To the measures of the past!

The two Manitou Islands lie about six and three-quarters miles northwesterly from the main shore at Sleeping Bear and Pyramid Points. Between the islands and the mainland is Manitou Passage, used by large vessels proceeding to and from the south end of Lake Michigan. The islands are about three and three-quarters miles apart, with deep water between them. South Manitou, the smaller of the two, three and a half miles long north and south by three and three-quarters miles greatest width east and west, is hilly and bluff on the west side and lower and wooded on the east side. All its shores are deep close-in except the southerly, from which shoals extend. South Manitou Harbor, on the east side of the island and semi-circular in shape, is protected from all winds from northeast through west to southwest, and has deep water with good holding ground. South Manitou light is on the southerly

point of the harbor. There is a coastguard station on the south side of South Manitou harbor, a quarter of a mile north of the light. The island has telephone connection with Glen Haven on the mainland.



Section of a map published in *The London Magazine, or Gentleman's Monthly Intelligencer* for February, 1761, accompanying an account of the Straits of St. Mary and Michilimackinac, "to show the situation or importance of the two westernmost settlements of Canada for the Fur Trade."

North Manitou island is seven miles in length north by south by about four and a quarter miles in width east and west at the north end, and about two miles at the south end; in general it is hilly and wooded. A lee can be found under North Manitou with generally good holding ground. There are some shoals around the east and the west and southerly



shores, the north shore is deep close-to. On the most easterly point of the south shore is North Manitou light. An area of foul ground near the southerly point is marked by a buoy and the North Manitou Shoal light vessel. There is a coast-guard station a short distance south of Pickard's wharf (North Manitou P. O.) on the east side of the island toward the northerly end.<sup>2</sup>

Pickard's wharf takes its name from Nicholas Pickard, who built it in 1854. He came to Manitou Island in 1846, and established a station for the supply of wood to steamers plying between Chicago and Buffalo. There were then but two or three families on North Manitou, and a wooding station on South Manitou.

There were wooding stations there before Pickard's, for Margaret Fuller, in the summer of 1843, "went on shore at the Manitou Islands, where the boat stops to wood. No one lives here except the woodcutters for the steam boats. I had thought of such a position, from its mixture of profound solitude with service to the great world, as possessing an ideal beauty. I think so still, after seeing the wood cutters and their slovenly huts. . . . . On this beautiful beach of smooth white pebbles, interspersed with agates and cornelians, for those who know how to find them, we stepped, not like the Indian with some humble offering which, if no better than an arrowhead or a little parched corn, would, he judged, please the Manitou, who looks only at the spirit-in which it is offered. Our visit was so far for a religious purpose that one of our party went to inquire the fate of some Unitarian tracts left among the wood cutters a year or two before. But the old Manitou though daunted like his children by the approach of the fireships which he probably considered demons of a new dynasty, he had suffered his woods to be felled to feed their pride, had been less patient of [this] encroachment. . . . ., and had scattered those leaves as carelessly as the others of

<sup>2</sup>*Lake Survey Bulletin*, No. 32.



that year. But S. and I, like other emigrants, went not to give but to get, to rifle the woods for the service of the fire-ship. We returned with a rich booty, among which was the *uva ursi*, whose leaves the Indians smoke with the kinnick-kinnick, and which had just then put forth its highly-finished little blossoms, as pretty as those of the blue-berry..... We reached Chicago on the evening of the sixth day, having been out five days and a half, a rather longer passage than usual at a favorable season of the year."<sup>3</sup>

Though Margaret Fuller says that "all the noble trees are gone already from this island", there were a good many left, for Captain McKinnon tells of stopping there in 1851 for wood. He says, "the islands are of extremely curious formation. Densely covered with wood, they are never-the-less composed entirely of sand. I was informed by Captain M'Comb of the United States Topographical Engineers that when employed in surveying this group, he desired to plant a surveying station on the crest of a sandhill. On attempting to cut down certain bushes for the purpose, he was much astonished to find that they were the tops of some cottonwood trees. From the still living foliage he came to the conclusion that the drifting sand had completely buried them alive; and believed that two years at the utmost was the period of time required to envelop them to the depth of sixty feet."<sup>4</sup>

Pickard was still continuing his business at Manitou island in 1873, though then living in Leland, having gradually weaned himself from the island by living on the mainland winters and spending only the summers there. His brother Simon came to the Manitous with Nicholas. He says that at that time (1846) boats called at the island daily each way, and the little colony increased rapidly. There were then no white people on the mainland near. Mackinac was the nearest village. There was a blacksmith on Manitou island in 1857, Moses H. Dexter, whose daughter Amanda married John

<sup>3</sup>Margaret Fuller, *A Summer on the Lakes*.

<sup>4</sup>McKinnon, *Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches*, p. 118.



A scene on Beaver Island. Picture taken by Agnes Van  
Buren, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dalton, who had come in 1848. A sawmill was built on the island by Frederick Cook. Many came there in search of health, among others John Lerue from Chicago, and at the time he came, "there was a pier or wharf on each of the two islands, the one on the south island owned by Mr. Barton. On the North Manitou were the Pickards and two fishermen without families. The lighthouse was kept by a man named Clark. No Indians were living on the Manitous." Several Germans came there, C. H. Kahr in 1855, after he had been one year in America, and Andrew Halmend, afterwards captain and owner of the steamship *G. Barber*, came with his parents in 1857. Valentine Lee, later United States Deputy Marshal at Detroit, was there from 1857 to 1859; Captain C. E. Wilbur during the same period.

People who were bound for the mainland were landed at the Manitou islands and afterwards taken to the mainland in small boats. Rev. S. Steele came to Grand Traverse in October, 1859. He says that Northport (once known as Waukazoo-ville) was then the great emporium of the Traverse Region to which all were obliged to make in coming to or departing from the country, unless by fraud or misrepresentation they might be left in exile upon the Manitous, when days and even weeks were spent in useless effort to escape from their durance vile.

Rev. Mr. Rorke was appointed to Traverse City from the conference of 1851. "He came a single man and was landed at the Manitou Islands, instead of Northport, they telling him it was but a short distance. He was obliged to pawn his watch for a man to bring him across in a boat, after a storm of several days."

Michael Gay, one of the first settlers of Traverse City, coming there with the Boardmans, sailed the "Lady of the Lakes" over to the Manitous, to bring back his young wife, about sixteen years old, and her four-months old baby, who had come to join her husband, and who was accompanied by a maid, and

by several carpenters who were employees of Boardman. After the carpenters had finished their work at Traverse City, it was arranged that Mr. Boardman would take them in the "Lady of the Lake" to the Manitous, where they could get passage on one of the steamers that were in the habit of touching there. Boardman expected to find supplies there which he could bring back. But he found they had not come, and while waiting for them, the little vessel was caught in a storm, driven upon the beach and totally wrecked. Upon the arrival of the supplies there seemed no way to get them to Traverse City. He was at last obliged to go by steamer to Mackinac, then on foot to his home, more than a hundred miles along the beach. Meanwhile the people at Traverse City, hearing of the wreck through some fishermen, decided that they must somehow reach the Manitous, as navigation would soon be closed and the supplies were sorely needed. Gay went to Old Mission and obtained the little schooner *Arrow*, the owner, H. K. Cowles, with Robert Campbell and several others accompanied him to the Manitous, and brought back the needed provisions.<sup>5</sup>

Today it is almost as hard to get to the Manitous as formerly. Arthur W. Stace wrote a series of articles on the Michigan resort country last summer (1926) for the *Grand Rapids Press*. He writes that he was unable to get to the Manitou and Fox islands. There is a mailboat, a small launch, that goes across to Leland from North Manitou when the crossing is not too rough, and the *Puritan* from Chicago sometimes stops there. In the winter the ice forms a link in the chain of islands that welds them to each other and to the mainland, but the most modern transportation is that of the airplane, and this it not as yet regularly in service.

North Manitou Island was host to an airplane party last August (1926) when several Muskegon and Chicago people, including Ross W. Judson, President of the Continental

<sup>5</sup>*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, XXXII, 53.

Motors Company, flew to the island for the week-end, in the motor magnate's plane.

After the summer visitors' airplanes have left, and before ice has formed, the problem of transportation to the mainland is a serious one for the islanders. The following item shows how serious. "Fighting his way through floating ice and a heavy head-sea, Captain Tracy Grosvener drove his thirty-foot gasoline boat from North Manitou Island, fourteen miles off this port (Leland) to carry the wife of a coastguardsman to a hospital for an emergency operation. There is no doctor on North Manitou and diagnosis was made by submarine telephone by Dr. Fred Murphy of Cedar. Dr. Murphy was at the dock here when the boat arrived and hurried the patient to Traverse City. Captain Grosvener returned to the island at once, carrying a ten-day accumulation of mail."<sup>6</sup>

There was a doctor on South Manitou Island in 1864, but while he was most needed he was busy rescuing the passengers from the *J. Y. Scammon*, which had been wrecked off the island. The doctor's name was Alonzo Slyfield, and he had gone to the island for his health, giving up his profession to take the position of keeper of the South Manitou light. He succeeded in rescuing all the passengers, including four women, as they slid down a spar from the overturned boat. As he returned to his house, he learned that he was the father of a nine-pound boy, born while he was engaged in his heroic work. Dr. Slyfield was afterward keeper of Point Betsie light.

There is at present a small settlement on each of the Manitous, and a larger colony in summer on North Manitou. There is one woman farmer there who has quite an apple orchard, and the steamer *Puritan* stops in the late summer to get the apples. A. W. Stace writes that "there has been an attempt at cattle ranching, and there was quite an exciting time last summer when they were trying to catch the cattle that had run wild. Apparently the long winter and inability to raise

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<sup>6</sup>Grand Rapids Press, Dec. 20, 1926.

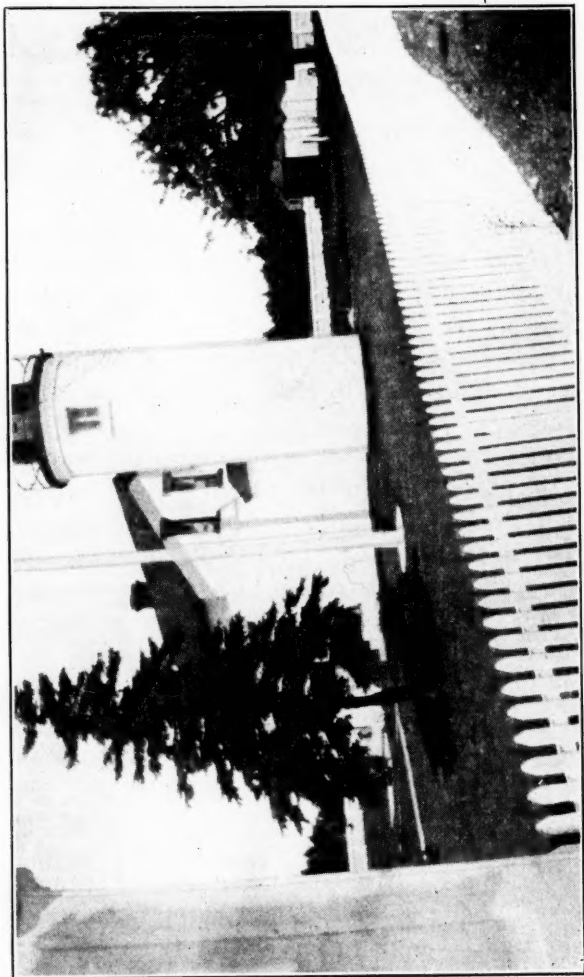
sufficient winter feed is against cattle-ranching. There are small lumbering operations on the island, and one company now has a gravel pit there, shipping the gravel by boat to points along the coast."

An article in the *Detroit News*, Dec. 16, 1917, asserts that the Manitous are inhabited almost exclusively by Danes and Norwegians, but the literal truth of this may be doubted. Certainly the early settlers were of German and Yankee stock. Many of these left the Manitous when the settlements on the mainland became more prosperous, and the steamers, burning coal, no longer needed to stop at the islands for their fuel.

Radio beacons are being established on the Great Lakes, and in 1926 one was added to the equipment of Manitou Island. Ships must be equipped with radio compasses to make use of these beacons.

The coast guardsman's work is an interesting feature of the service of the government to the Great Lakes. July 30, 1895, the schooner *Presto* came to grief near the Manitous. About half-past two in the morning, "the patrolman of the life-saving station saw a signal of distress, which was answered at once by keeper and crew manning a surfboat and pulling out two miles against a heavy sea." They found the schooner leaking rapidly and in danger of foundering at her anchors. "Got her under way and sailed her to an anchorage under a lee. Landed a woman and three children from the schooner, all sick and needing attention, and gave them clothing and medicine. Manned the vessel's pumps and assisted in keeping her afloat during the night. At daylight searched for and found the leak and helped to stop it. Worked on the leaking seams for two days and sheltered the woman and children at the station during that time. On the afternoon of the thirty-first, they were put on board the schooner, now made seaworthy by the efforts of the life-saving crew, and she proceeded to her destination."<sup>1</sup> From the above one may glean that a life saver has

<sup>1</sup>Extract from *Annual Report of Life Saving Service*, 1896, p. 68.



Lighthouse on Beaver Island. Picture taken by Miss Agnes Van Buren, Grand Rapids, Mich.



many duties; and indeed they are expected to assist in any way where there is need, furnishing clothing and food, recovering bodies, rescuing even animals, and assisting in putting out fires on land as well as sea.

The Manitou Passage widens out toward the north end, and the Fox Islands are farther from the mainland than the Manitous. It was along these shores and through this passage, uncharted then save by the unerring woodcraft of the Indian, that the Potawatomi chief, Alexander Robinson, and his wife paddled the canoe in which they took Captain and Mrs. Heald to Mackinac, to escape their captors after the massacre at Chicago, deeming it safer to turn them over to the British at the fort, than to try to conceal them at St. Joseph.<sup>8</sup>

And between these same islands and the mainland Gurdon Hubbard, a mere boy of seventeen, rowed along to take up his lonely station inland on Muskegon River. "With but three men to row the boat, and buffeted by storms and adverse winds, winter found them still coasting the lake", though they had left Mackinac the last of October. "Thus with a heavily laden canoe...often in great peril, sometimes shipping water and narrowly escaping wreck, suffering from cold and worn with toil, they entered the Muskegon River about the tenth of December..."<sup>9</sup>

South Fox Island is seventeen miles north-north-east from North Manitou Island, and eighteen miles northwest of Lighthouse Point, at the northwest entrance to Grand Traverse Bay. The holding ground around the Foxes is very good, and they afford shelter from all winds except from the northwest and southeast.<sup>10</sup>

When an unusually large fleet of freighters go through the Straits after a "spell of rough weather", the old sailors along the shore will murmur, "They've been a-laying-to behind the Foxes till this blew over."

<sup>8</sup>Kinzie, *Waubun*, ed. 1901, p. 191.

<sup>9</sup>Biographical Sketch, Hamilton, p. 241.

<sup>10</sup>*Lake Survey Bulletin*, No. 32.

North Fox Island is wooded, is two miles long north and south, and one mile wide at its north end, tapering to a point at the south end, which is hilly. It can be approached to within a quarter of a mile on its north and east sides, but on its west side near the south end is shallow water.

South Fox Island, the larger of the two, is five miles long by about a mile and a half greatest width. It is about four miles southwest of North Fox. It is hilly on the westerly side, but lower and wooded on the east side. The South Fox light is on the south point of the island.

The manuscript record of a life full of incident, written to "fulfill a promise made many years ago to my little Lee" (Leland G. Langdon) by his mother, Melissa Rice Langdon, gives some experiences on the South Fox Island that are of interest as a picture of life in those early days (about 1846). Mrs. Langdon's narrative is written in the third person, and in story form, but is a record of personal experiences, and the names are none of them fictional. She was born in Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1841, and soon after her birth, the family moved to Prairie Ronde, Wisconsin, making the journey in a "covered wagon". Her account of the hardships there endured is graphic. Finally her mother succumbed to a fever, and the distracted father was left with five little girls to care for, the youngest a mere baby. Leaving them with relatives, he went to Mackinac Island, where he had a brother, James Rice, a prosperous merchant. As soon as he had made a home for them there, Samuel Rice their father, returned to get the children. They were delighted with the island, and the older girls went to school there during the winter.

"It was decided that they should spend the summer at Big Fox Island." They hurried to get ready to go in the *Twin Brothers*. "Bright and early in the morning they were all up and dressed and ready for breakfast, after which they were soon ready to start on their trip.....the little ones were very happy. They bid their aunt and uncle and friends good-

bye and went on board the great boat. She was a fine vessel, painted white and was called "Twin Brothers." Their fishing boat was called the *Sea Gull*.

"They were not long in running to Big Fox Island; then the girls were put into their pretty white boat and their father rowed them ashore, and as they got out on the beautiful white sand, they wondered what kind of a house they were going to live in. In a few minutes their father led the way up a hill, until they came to a house where they were warmly welcomed by a good-natured woman." With this woman, Mrs. Snell, they stayed until their own house was ready.

One of their first adventures was when Lissie (the author of the manuscript) and her older sister Martha attempted to row in the *Sea Gull* over to the smaller island. They lost oars and rudder, and were only saved by being swept back by the wind, over the bar and into the harbor, where their father threw them a rope. He did not scold them, as they had had such a fright, but made them promise never to take the boat again without permission.

They kept house for their father and the hired man, whose duty it was to clean and salt the fish which would be called for time to time by the larger boat. All went well, till the children were one after another taken ill with fever. The father feared it was smallpox, as there had been some cases on Mackinac Island. But after a few days, Mrs. Snell was able to pronounce it measles, and they soon recovered. Naturally, their father was much relieved, as a siege of smallpox in that lonely place, and with those little children, would have been an awful experience.

"The summer was nearly over and one morning they all went over to get a good view of Little Fox Island. They sailed over, and when they reached the shore, they gathered many pretty relics to take back with them." It did not take long to go around the island, and soon they were back in their little home again.

They had been there three months, when they went back to Mackinac. They did not return to Fox Island the next summer, and two years from that time they were fishing off Beaver Island. ....

Later a few families came from the Mormon community on Beaver Island and lived all the year round on the Fox and Manitou Islands. It is likely that it was on one of these islands that the Martins landed after being cast adrift in their boat without oars by the Mormons, instead of Gull Island or on St. Helena Island, as is variously stated in different accounts of their adventure.<sup>11</sup>

James Jesse Strang, the head of the Mormon Church on Beaver Island, in his *Ancient and Modern Michilimackinac*, published in 1854, states that on the Fox islands was quite a settlement, "an equal number of Mormons and Gentiles". He says it was there that the propeller "Illinois" was wrecked, in 1851, and that the disposal of the cargo caused a controversy with the Mormons. Even as he tells it, one can see how this matter must have helped to crystalize sentiment against the Mormons. But very little reliance can be placed on Strang's pamphlet, though it has been widely quoted, and is probably the basis for the belief of many that the early fishermen were a reckless, drunken gang of outlaws. Narratives like the unpublished one of Mrs. Langdon's, and the book, *A Child of the Sea*, by Elizabeth Whitney Williams, in their naive sketches of everyday life of the fishing stations; as well as the biographical sketches of the early settlers of the region, establish the fact that most of the fishermen were respectable, hard-working men, who took their wives and children with them to the fishing stations in summer, and lived winters on Mackinac Island, where their children could go to school. Some of those who came from Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin and New York owned farms in those places which they also at-

<sup>11</sup>*Biographical History of Northern Michigan*, (B. F. Bowen & Co.), p. 622; see also *Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*; Waldron, *We Explore the Great Lakes*.

tended to, spending but a few weeks on the fishing stations, boarding with the more permanent residents. Others from these states brought their families with them and stayed all summer, neighbors and friends of the Mackinac Island people, who often sent their children back to stay with these families for a winter of schooling, or to learn some useful trade. Before the Mormons came, many of these people had settled on Beaver Island. Names like Snell, Rice, McKinley, Cable, Whitney, Davenport, Newton, Wright and Crane are sufficient indication of the stock from which they came. Their descendants of today, bright, up-to-date men and women, well-educated and well-read, sensible, frugal and God-fearing, are sufficient testimony that the stock has not run out.

Among the Mormons were many of the same ilk, and it may be noted that these were the followers of Strang who mingled with their Gentile neighbors until terrorized by Strang's edicts, and who afterward became lukewarm or apostate to his doctrines. Among these were the families who, having no personal quarrels with the fishermen, dared to remain on the Beavers or to remove to Charlevoix and Traverse City after the death of Strang. Some Mormon families who had lived on the Fox and Manitou Islands were among these.

In 1923, the interest of the whole country centered on the Fox Islands. Big headlines in the newspapers of April 19th announced "Starvation Faces Ten Marooned by Michigan Ice Floes"! On April 18th, three men had crossed the broken ice and open water from South Fox Island to the mainland; their boat had been crushed by the ice, and they were obliged to make the latter part of the journey by jumping from one floe to another. They reported that nine men and one woman were on the island, in danger of starvation. They had had nothing to eat for several weeks but frozen potatoes. They had gone on the island in November to cut timber, with enough provisions, they thought, to last them, but owing to the prolonged winter, their supplies ran out.



Fish House on Beaver Island.

G. M. Dane telephoned from Northport, and appealed to the Grand Rapids Herald to get an airplane from Selfridge Field to go to their rescue with food. The evening papers told of the flight of an airplane from Selfridge Field, with Lieutenant Ennis C. Whitehead at the helm. He was to stop at Northport, to get food to take to the islanders. Meanwhile, an Ann Arbor Railway car ferry was trying to reach the island but there was little hope expressed that it would succeed in penetrating the ice congestion of northern Lake Michigan, said to be the worst in forty years.

The airplane was disabled, crashing through the ice of Grand Traverse Bay as it tried to land near Northport to take on the supplies. Neither the lieutenant nor a Detroit newspaper man who accompanied him were injured, though both were ducked in the freezing waters. Word came that another plane would be sent out from Selfridge Field. As soon as news of the disaster to the first army plane reached Chicago, a big French Briquet plane owned by Frank J. Parker, was fitted out by Thomas E. Wilson, and started for the island. It was loaded with food, and piloted by John Miller, a former navy aviator. This landed at Manchester, Michigan, at night, to resume flight the next morning. By the twentieth, it was reported that three planes had started from Chicago. Another army plane, a giant deHaviland, broke its landing gear in attempting to land near Northport, and was put out of commission, its pilot, Lieutenant Russell Meredith, with "a newspaper man", escaping injury.

Then came rumors that the whole affair was a hoax, and that the people on the island were not starving; then, stories that it was a mutiny, and that the three men had left because they were dissatisfied, that they had plenty of food but no tobacco, and so on. And the dispatches were also to the effect that the three planes from Chicago, "one government mail-plane and another army plane", as well as the Wilson-Parker plane, were believed to be lost, as nothing had been heard of them.



At half past ten in the evening of the 22nd, the Ann Arbor Railway car ferry arrived in Frankfort with the refugees. The stories of starvation were confirmed. The woman cook, wife of Edwin Morrow, one of the "lumber-jacks", was the heroine of the adventure. It was she who had insisted on conservation, and who had known how to make the frozen potatoes eatable. The Wilson-Parker plane from Chicago had reached them, with two hundred pounds of food, and had found four of the men ill. After giving what assistance they could, they had attempted to leave the island for further help, and had wrecked their plane and narrowly escaped with their lives. They returned on the ferry.<sup>12</sup>

The three men who carried the news to Northport were Edward Horne, Carl Cooper and Ellis Sayres. The party brought away by the car ferry were Jules Ramsay, Jack Garvey, Robert Husted, Louis Beaudette, Howard Smith, Albert Clark, Nels Ask, and the Morrows. Homer Smith was seriously ill with appendicitis. The ferry had had a hard twenty-one hour battle with the ice and fog, but had won out. Thus fortunately ended an exciting episode filled with danger in many forms.

There have been many wrecks near the Manitous and Foxes. None better known than two that exist only in fiction, the wreck of the *Miwaka*, and the wreck of "Car Ferry No. 25", as told in that fascinating romance by Edwin Balmer and William McHarg, *The Indian Drum*. The description of the scenes on the car ferry when the cars broke loose in the storm won the approval of no less an authority than the late Captain Robertson of the *Wawatam*, who had had wide experience with car ferries. The local color and the Indian characterizations are perfect, while as for interest, any one who can lay the book down unread after once commencing it is yet to be found.

May good fortune direct that some equally delightful tale shall some day be woven around the incident which employed

<sup>12</sup>Detroit News, Feb. 6, 1927.

boats, men, ice, car ferry and airplanes, and lacked not even a heroine.

"On to the north, the winds are keen, troubling the blue of depths unseen,  
Riding the air with snowdrift clean, riding the waters of silver sheen.  
On to the north, the Lorelei's song, wooing to death on North winds strong,  
'Tis adventure's lure, and men who ride, see north lights flash where men have died."

—Stella Norcross Mathews.

Across "La Grande Traverse" (the wide crossing) of Green Bay in Wisconsin extends another chain of islands linked to the Beavers and Foxes and Manitous by like traditions and history. Across the grand traverse of the bay on the Michigan shore, the way is clear, but nestled down in the western arm of Grand Traverse Bay, near Bower's Harbor, is a small island that has always been mentioned in connection with those of Lake Michigan. It is as if it were a tiny link dropped from the chain into the bay; or as though there had been three Little Foxes, and the smallest one had run away from his brothers and hid from sight around the Leelanau Peninsula. Strang, who seemed to be covetous of every one of these bits of land, says of it,<sup>13</sup> "There is a beautiful island, large enough for settlement, near the peninsula of Grand Traverse."

It is indeed a beautiful island rising high above the water, but though "large enough for settlement", it has never known the homesteads of settlers or the axe of the lumberman, and is still covered with a fine growth of the original hardwood timber. It is about one mile long and half as wide, and contains nearly two hundred acres. Its claim to fame was recently stated in a newspaper title to a picture of it, "The special point of interest concerning this picturesque bit of nature is that it is the possession of Henry Ford."

June 5, 1926, one of the original owners of this island, Archi-

<sup>13</sup>*Michilimackinac*, p. 47.

bald Buttars, died at San Diego, California,<sup>14</sup> at the age of eighty-eight. He was originally interested in pine lands, and was afterward prominent in political and banking circles in the Grand Traverse Region. He and George Benton laid claim to the island, then known as Island No. 10, in the early fifties.<sup>15</sup>

A letter from W. P. Crotser, a prominent attorney of Traverse City, states that a part, apparently about one-third, of Marion Island was patented April 15, 1864, to Archibald Buttars, and patent of the rest of the island issued on June 5, 1866, to Daniel C. Benton. Buttars on July 15, 1864, and Benton on August 16, 1862, conveyed this island to Albert Bacon. He dying, it went to Walter Bacon. From him it was conveyed to William Thomas, July 30, 1872, and he, on December 5, 1872, conveyed it to Frederick Hall.

It was Frederick Hall of Ionia<sup>16</sup> who named it Marion Island for his only daughter. He was of the same fibre as were the early owners, Buttars and Benton and Bacon; a Vermonter, he came to Michigan in the early forties and worked at anything he could find, graduating from woodcutting to surveying, and becoming afterward politically prominent and very wealthy. Always benevolent and kindhearted, he bequeathed these attributes to his daughter, along with Marion Island.

In *Along Grand Traverse Shores*, by M. E. C. Bates and M. K. Buck, "M.K.B." says of Marion Island, "Years ago, because of the many hogs left there by the Indians during the summer to be fattened on mast, it was called Hog Island, but I am glad to say that this was never anything but a nickname. Close beside it on the east is a tiny islet of not more than two or three acres extent still (1891) belonging to the government and at present appropriated by the famous Dick Basset, an eccentric fisherman who lives there entirely alone, except when he goes away for a few weeks' fishing elsewhere."

<sup>14</sup>*Michigan History Magazine*, XI, 163.

<sup>15</sup>Walt and Anderson, *Old Settlers of the Grand Traverse Region*, p. 58.

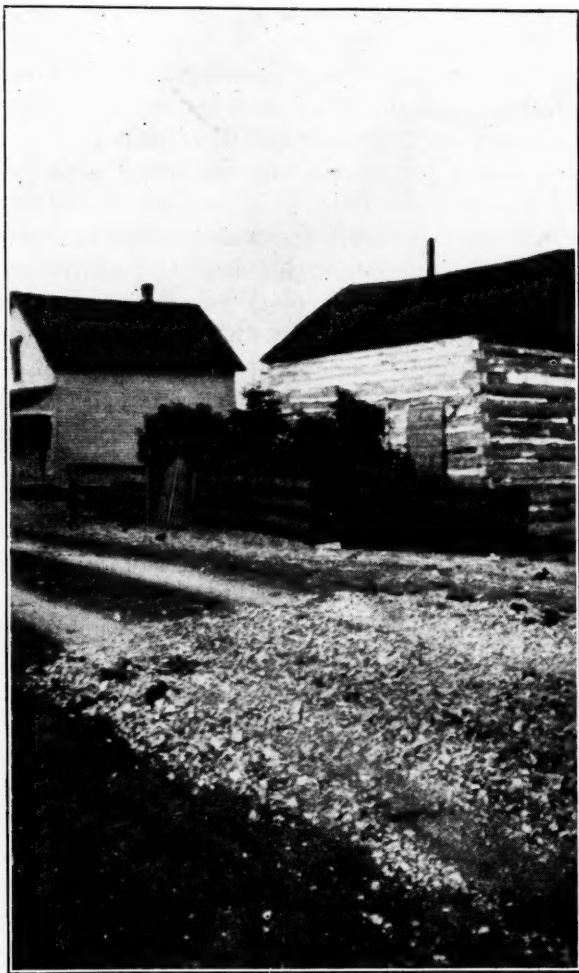
<sup>16</sup>*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, VI.

There was for a long while a pavilion on Basset's Island and the young people from Traverse City used to go there for picnics and dances.

For as long as could be remembered, two old eagles had lived on Marion Island. They used to prey on the wild ducks that frequented the mouth of the Boardman River. One was shot there a few years ago, and the other never afterward appeared.

Frederick Hall, though an extensive dealer in pine lands, never offered Marion Island for sale, and sentiment held it in the one family for over forty years. His daughter was finally induced to relinquish it, with the thought that in selling it to Henry Ford, it would be preserved in all its original beauty, and not exploited as a resort or stripped of its timber.

It is becoming generally known as "Ford Island", and its old name may some day be lost, but to Ionians it will be remembered as having been called for the donor of one of their public buildings, the Hall-Fowler Memorial Library, given in honor of her father and of her husband, by Marion Hall Fowler. In the memories of a few old residents is the picture of the parlor of the hospitable Hall mansion, now the Library, where three charming girls at the time of the Civil War were entertaining a young lieutenant, home recuperating from the illness caused by the loss of his arm at the battle of Mission Ridge. To amuse him, they each agreed to write to one of his absent comrades. The acquaintances thus begun were the origin of three romantic marriages, and each marriage a happy one. One of these girls was the daughter of the owner of Marion Island, and she followed her soldier husband faithfully through his career in the regular army, among the barren posts and dangerous Indian campaigns of the West with all the hardships entailed by that life, although she was the petted child of wealthy parents who would have given her every luxury. And finally, after many strenuous years, when advance in rank and better conditions might have promised



Old Mormon log house and new Beaver Island home.  
Picture taken by Agnes Van Buren, Grand Rapids, Mich.

ease, the brave and gallant officer was stricken and died while returning from Cuba during the Spanish-American War.

In *Along Grand Traverse Shores* is given in dialect a legend of Squaw Island, near Marion Island. "Very bad squaw taken to island and burned by medicine man; since then she walks there at twilight and midnight, headless"! In *The Traverse Region*, this same legend is given in verse written by M. E. C. Bates.

Lately an Indian legend has been assigned to Marion Island. It tells of an Indian chief, Kensotis, exiled by his conquerors to the island. His beautiful daughter, Meahnonta, was held as a hostage, but she escaped and swam from Neahtawanta Point to her father on the island. Seen and loved by Wasebic, son of the chief of her father's foes, he joined them on the island and when his father and a band of adherents tried to recapture him, the entire bluff on the south side was dislodged in their struggles and fell into the water, drowning every one of the attacking party. The three lucky survivors were left to spend their lives on the island in peace.<sup>17</sup>

John C. Wright, the well known author of Northern Michigan verse and story, says that there is no such Indian legend as that of the Indian drum. The legends of the Indians were so many, and the tribes traveled so far, and changed so with the various conquests, that it would be rather hard to say that any legend might not be associated with any spot, or that the same one might not be told of many localities. The Kensotis-Meahnonta-Wasebic legend will add an interest to Henry Ford's island as the years go on, and is worth preserving for its poetic value. There is no way of proving or disproving its truth (?) any more than there is of the legend of the Indian drum.

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<sup>17</sup>Traverse City Record-Eagle, Aug. 3, 1926.

## OWNERS OF MARION ISLAND

They were woodsmen and pioneers,  
Were Buttars and Benton and Bacon and Hall,  
Who held that isle in the early years,—  
Buttars and Benton and Bacon and Hall.

They met the forest, and conquered it,  
Did Buttars and Benton and Bacon and Hall,  
With homespun genius and Yankee grit,—  
Buttars and Benton and Bacon and Hall.

And they kept the island inviolate,  
In all the joys of its primitive state.

Another kind of a pioneer  
Than Buttars and Benton and Bacon and Hall,  
Now owns the island they once held dear,—  
Buttars and Benton and Bacon and Hall.

He has met his problem, and conquered it  
With homespun genius and old-time grit;  
And Buttars, and Benton, and Bacon, and Hall  
Will approve—that is, if they care at all.

In the chain of islands, the Beaver Islands (Amickopendad, place of the Beavers) are the largest and most important group. No briefer or better description of them could be found than that in the prologue of Harold Titus' delightful novel of the north country, "The Beloved Pawn", interwoven with the more modern life of the islands.

"The Beaver Islands lie crouched in the vigorous blue of Lake Michigan not far from where this inland sea surrenders its flow to the Straits of Mackinac. There are nine in all, ranging from Beaver Island itself which is a dozen miles long by half as many at its greatest width down to a boulder hummock showing above the shoals and designated on the charts as Hat Island. To the westward of Beaver lies High Island, and beyond it little Gull. North and easterly Trout, Whiskey and Squaw Islands punctuate an eight-mile line from High, which brings Squaw to the northward of the entire group. On



the other flank,—aside from tiny Hat—lies Hog Island in its big area of bright, shallow water and in the center of the group, the very heart of this archipelago, rests Garden Island with its green forests, its safe harbor, its isolated people.”

The northern part of Garden Island is now a State Forest Reserve; and this is well, for by this means may be held for coming generations some example of what the islands were at their loveliest in the olden time. This island was for many years the especial haunt of the Indians, and it is said that they still transport their dead across the many miles of water to insure them the quiet rest of the island burial ground, where are built the quaint grave-houses which shelter the remains of their departed friends.

About the island cling many traditions of old battles as well as legends of later adventures. Elizabeth Whitney Williams and her first husband, Clement Van Riper, who afterward lost his life in a heroic attempt at rescue when he was lighthouse keeper on Beaver Island,<sup>18</sup> were on Garden Island in 1863-4. She says, “my husband was appointed a government school teacher to the Indians at Garden Island. The school was a large one as there was a large band of Indians. Our school continued for two years, then was discontinued for several years before another teacher was sent among them. That two years was a busy life for us both..... We were expected to teach them how to plant and cultivate their gardens and farms. They learned rapidly to plant corn and vegetables, but the flower seeds they could not manage. Chief Peain was a very social, intelligent man. He watched the process of making the flower beds and putting in of the small seeds. Then he said, ‘Too much work for Indian.’ He then took many of the boys and girls, with some of the older ones to help, cleared off three or four acres of land, and put a brush fence around it. They then took the flower seeds of the different kinds, sowing them like grain, and raked them in. Well, such a flower

<sup>18</sup>*Biographical History of Northern Michigan* (B. F. Bowen & Co.), p. 600.

garden was never seen! There was every flower in the catalogue growing up together, and never were flowers enjoyed as those Indians enjoyed that flower garden. Every day at all hours could be seen both old and young going out to look at the flowers. Old grandmothers with the little grandchildren would sit in the shade near the flowers and work beads on the deerskin moccasins while the children played. As soon as school was over the race began for the flower garden..... It was called 'the Chief's Garden'. He was greatly pleased with the bright flowers, and had us write a letter of thanks to the Indian agent for him."<sup>19</sup>

An account of the modern schools of the island is found in the *Grand Rapids Herald* for July 2, 1922, by Edward E. Webb, and there is another account in the same paper, April 29, 1923. According to these the school often suffers for want of a teacher, as the surroundings and the isolation are unattractive to many who might otherwise apply. In both the above mentioned articles are particulars about Mads Jensen and wife, the only white residents of the island who have seemed at all permanent. They had been there for forty years.

Ever since Strang's reign, it has been the custom of the islanders to refer jokingly to any man of prominence on any of the islands as "King". It seems peculiar that another sect, whose spiritual head has been acclaimed as a king, should actually have settled on one of this group of islands. In August, 1912, High Island was purchased by a religious organization of Benton Harbor, Michigan, known as the *House of David*, and has been held by them ever since. An industrious colony of its adherents, who are sometimes styled Israelites and sometimes Holy Rollers, are located on the island; a larger colony in summer usually, for then they garden as well as run a sawmill. In winter they cut timber. Their leader, called by the Beaver Islanders, "King Benjamin", was said to have formerly been a frequent visitor to the island colony. For a

<sup>19</sup>Williams, *A Child of the Sea*, p. 211.

long while he was in hiding from officers of the law, and until his recent apprehension, it was rumored that he might be concealed on the island.

Arthur W. Stace visited it in the summer of 1926, and gives some particulars of its present state. "The little school on High Island is attended by Indian and House of David children. It is taught by an Irish-American girl from Beaver Island..... A white church steeple guides the way to the settlement. This church is a Catholic Indian Mission attended by a Franciscan missionary priest from Harbor Springs. A dock juts out into the lake, behind it is a sawmill. A large rambling boarding house has several dozen one-story cabins scattered about it. The cabins are mostly frame structures with shingled sides..... All the men from patriarch to boy in his teens wear the typical House of David cap, baggy because it must contain a lifetime growth of hair. One of the tenets of the House of David is to go unshaved and unshorn. Within the little cabin yards, each closed in with a high fence of poles, are splashes of summer beauty—blooming flowers. The timber has been fairly well cleared away from the island so the sawmill is not running regularly; the main occupation now is farming. Their belief is that they are a chosen people who will live when all others have perished."<sup>20</sup>

One of the women members of the colony, convinced that the religion was not for her, escaped from the island by strategy, recalling some of the escapes from Beaver Island, as told of the reminiscences of the Mormon days. She is now living on the mainland with a sister.

At one time the island was offered for sale by the organization, the loss of the schooner "Rosabelle" having discouraged them in their efforts to improve it. The *Rising Sun*, their first vessel, had been wrecked in 1918, but without loss of life. The wreck of the "Rosabelle" was attended with more tragic circumstances. Setting out from High Island in the last week of October, 1921, laden with lumber, the hull of the *Rosabelle*

<sup>20</sup>Grand Rapids Press, Aug. 19, 1926.

was discovered a week later by a Grand Trunk car ferry, floating bottom up with her sails and rigging dragging alongside. The stern of the ship was gone, indicating a collision. Lumber and wreckage were afterward washed ashore at Muskegon, but no bodies were recovered. The Milwaukee Life Saving Station towed the hull to Racine, Wisconsin, and a thorough investigation was made, but nothing definite determined, and the wreck remained a mystery of the Lakes. There were ten men aboard, besides the Captain Erhart Gleece. It was for a time hoped that they had had time to transfer to their launch, but no word ever came from any of them, so such a hope was abandoned.

'Twas in the late October days  
When bitter winds do blow,  
And fog, and smoke, and sudden storm,  
Those inland seas well know,

The schooner Rosabelle set sail  
With lumber loaded down,  
Out from High Island's lonely dock  
For Benton Harbor town.

Patient but sad the colony  
That watched their going forth,—  
They will not see their friends again  
Till Spring comes to the North.

\* \* \*

A week passed ere a ferry boat  
Out in the lake, espied  
The foundered hull of the Rosabelle  
Her rigging dragged 'longside.

They found not any floating form  
Of all that goodly band,  
Nor ever trace of one of them  
Was washed upon the strand.

Long may the Benton Harbor folk  
Gaze to the westward way,  
Never again will the Rosabelle  
Come sailing into the bay.

Long may the islanders look out  
From lone High Island pier,  
They will not see their friends again  
Though they watch for many a year.

Besides the autobiographical story, *A Child of the Sea*, there have been many articles and stories written dealing with the Mormon occupation of Beaver Island. James Oliver Curwood wrote a novel, *The Courage of Captain Plum*, which uses the incidents of this period to advantage. Another even more exciting novel, *Strang's Men*, was written long ago by H. Bedford Jones, who is now engaged in writing historical romances of Southern France with such success that one of them is to be translated into the French language for *Le Temps*.

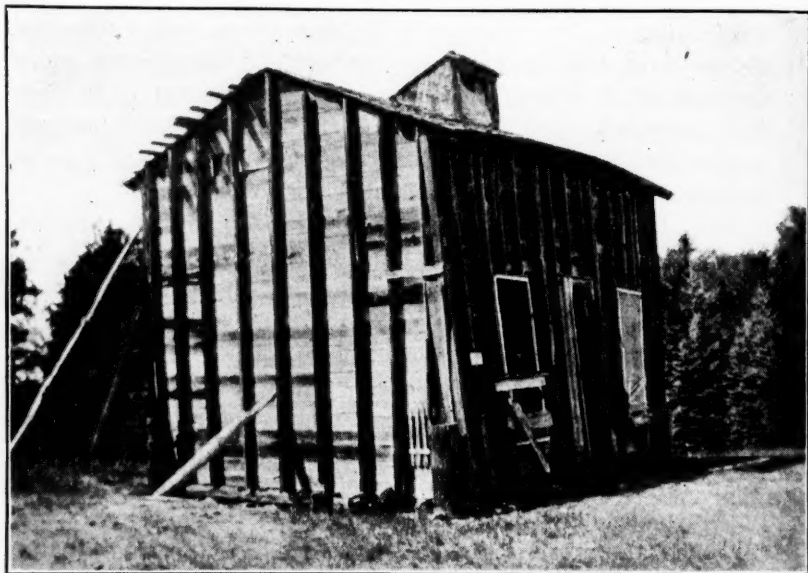
Mary Hartwell Catherwood, in *Mackinac and Lake Stories*, has two wonderfully realistic tales of the Mormon regime, gilding it with the gold of her genius. John C. Wright has printed in his *Lays of the Lake*, a tragedy, "King Strang of Beaver Island," and Ivan Swift a dialect poem, "The Assassination of the King," in his *Fagots of Cedar*. "The Convert Goes North," by Valgard Dengir, gives a good picture of Strang and his political dealings. Edwin Balmer in "Resurrection Rock," treats the incidents from a point of view more sympathetic to the Mormons.

A long and curious historical romance, *The Mormon of the Little Manitou Islands*, by "The Knight of Chillon," published in England and the United States in 1916, connects the death of Strang with the Manitou Islands.

Melissa Rice Langdon, in the manuscript once before quoted, tells of some experiences on Beaver Island in 1848 that may be of interest. This was the second summer after her stay on South Fox Island. The account has been somewhat condensed for use here.

As they were going through the straits from Mackinac to Beaver, Mary, the oldest sister, told Lissie of her fear of the Mormons. But Lissie thinks the Mormons can't hurt the little

girls, "if Father is there." When they landed at Lighthouse Point at the south end of the island, Mr. Rice was glad to find his brother from Wisconsin, already there with his wife and baby, and with them they all stayed until their own log-house, but a few feet away, was finished. One day they went to the lighthouse to see the keeper, Henry Van Allen and his wife,



Mormon house near southern end of Beaver Island, now partially dismantled. The lookout window commanded a first view of ships coming from the south end of Lake Michigan toward St. James and Beaver Harbor. Also looked over Lake Genasareth.

Photo by Mr. Ralph Windoes of Grand Rapids, July, 1926.

and remained to supper. Shortly after they reached home, they heard a knock on the door. Opening it, they found there Samuel Bennett, his bloody hand in a sling. His brother had been killed by the Mormons. He had been wounded and had come to them for protection. The French hired man watched through the night, lest the Mormons follow him. But they did not come, and in the morning Bennett was put on board

the *Twin Brothers* and taken to Mackinac Island.<sup>21</sup> This was the first overt act of the Mormons.

The Rices feared reprisal, and it was arranged that in the event of danger, they would take the little girls to the lighthouse for protection. There follows the description of a storm on the lake, when their father and their uncle are nearly lost in saving the nets. As the summer wanes, Lissie is tempted to go home on the steamer *Michigan* and stay for the winter at her Uncle Hiram's in Wisconsin, but repenting as soon as she is out of sight of her own home, she tells Mrs. Cable, at the harbor, while the party are waiting for the boat, of the change in her feelings, and her father comes for her.

One day soon after this, Mr. Rice and his man became alarmed by the prowlings of the Mormons and Strang about their place. They seem to be looking over a quantity of fish stored in the fish-shanty. Owing to stormy weather, the *Twin Brothers* had not been there for two weeks to collect them, and there was an unusually large store on hand.

It is here the chronicle ends with the words, "Composed by Mama for Leland on his sixteenth birthday," and the promise "To be continued." The proposed continuation was never written, but in a short biography added to the narrative, Mrs. Langdon says, "My father went to Beaver Island in 1848. We spent the summer there near Lighthouse Point, barely escaping with our lives, then my father moved to Northport where we had some experiences with Indians. Father then moved to Traverse City, where my story may continue."

It was at Traverse City that she attended school with Elizabeth Whitney (Williams), and laid the foundation of a life-long friendship. The teacher of the school was Helen Goodale (Hitchcock), at that time sixteen years old, and teaching her second year.<sup>22</sup>

<sup>21</sup>*Michigan Pioneer and Historical Collections*, Vol. 32; see also Williams' *A Child of the Sea*, p. 94; McKinnon, *Atlantic and Transatlantic Sketches*, p. 121.

<sup>22</sup>Wait and Anderson, *Old Settlers of Grand Traverse Region*, pp. 36-37.



Until the expulsion of the Mormons, the Beaver Islands remained closed to the fishermen from the other communities, and it was some time after before the old happy communication with the mainland was resumed. But it gradually came to be that Beaver Harbor (St. James) was almost as important a port as Mackinac, and in the sixties people from Charlevoix used to cross in small sailboats to do their trading there. There were several Irish families that came after the Mormons left, and more soon followed. In time the French people seem to have returned to Green Bay and St. Ignace and Mackinac, and most of those from the states below moved over onto the mainland of Michigan. At one time there was only one family on the island not of the Catholic faith, and very few not of Irish descent. There are at present about seven hundred people on the island.

Ten or fifteen years ago many of the islanders spent their winters on the mainland, now the more prosperous go to Florida, California and way points. Those who remain at home have the consolations of modern agencies like the phonograph and the radio to distract (!) them.

The isolation of the islands in the long winters seems more disturbing to people in other communities than to those accustomed to them. In a letter to Mrs. John C. Loucks of Grand Rapids, the grand-daughter of Melissa Rice Langdon, written February 28, 1922, Mrs. Elizabeth Whitney Williams, says,

"I have told you about the big storm, and our being without trains and mail for just a week today (Charlevoix), but that was often the case when I lived on the island in years gone by. One or two winters we had no mail there for three months, but we were just as happy there as anyone could be, we had little outside business on our minds, so we did not care so much for mails then, we had all we needed and made ourselves happy and contented."

April 7, 1926, however, she was proud to write, "The mail was carried to Beaver Island this week by airplane for the

first time, as the ice was not safe for crossing, so this may be the beginning of the airplane crossing over every winter after this."

Well may she reflect, "Sometimes when I look back and try to realize what has been crowded into my life since my very earliest recollections, it seems almost an impossibility"..... "but in the pioneer days people nearly all had many wonderful experiences ..... but took everything as a matter of course."

This isolation sometimes closes in on visitors to the islands, and they do not bear it so philosophically as the natives. John A. Topolinski of Grand Rapids was left on Beaver Island in the fall of 1921, while looking over timber lands. The freeze-up came sooner than he expected, and he was forced to choose between walking thirty-six miles over the ice to Cross Village or spending the winter at St. James. Not being used to ice-crossings, he chose the latter. During the three months he spent on the island, there were five mail deliveries. The island is usually without mail from the close of navigation until the ice freezes over so that dog teams can cross. Later horses can sometimes be used. If the freeze is too long delayed, a powerful tug may be employed to force its way through and carry the accumulated mail. In 1902, by January 9th, there was nearly a carload, including all the Christmas mail, waiting to be taken over.

It was in February of that year (1902) that B. Larsen, keeper of the oil supply at Beaver Island, braved the mid-winter blizzard at twenty degrees below zero, and the chances of dropping through wide cracks in the ice of Lake Michigan, to get to Charlevoix to claim his bride, Miss Helen Jasin. He drove with a pony thirty miles across the ice to Naubinway on the lake, drove from the port to Naubinway on the railroad, where he caught a train to Trout Lake and from there to St. Ignace, across the Straits to Mackinaw City, and thence to Petoskey and Charlevoix. After the wedding, they bought

their supplies for the winter and started for their new home, arriving there by the same circuitous route.

In January, 1925, the mail carrier with two companies, bringing fourteen sacks of mail from Beaver Island to the mainland, had to abandon it, when they struck a raging storm in crossing the ice to Cross Village. William Boyle said it was one of the worst trips he had made in his fifteen years as mail carrier.

In Strang's day they had on the island a skilful physician, Dr. H. D. McCulloch. Friend alike to Mormons and Gentiles, he eventually sided with the latter, though for a long time an adherent of the Mormon tenets. About thirty years ago, another physician, a summer resident, used often to spend his winters on the island. But for many years there was no physician except as a chance "resorter" might happen to be of that profession.

Father Jewell, for a number of years the resident priest, carried the islanders through a severe epidemic of diphtheria when no doctor could come from the mainland, by telephoning constantly to Charlevoix for instructions, and using his own common sense and a natural skill in medicine, sharpened by experience.

In the winter of 1923, a man lay near death on the island, suffering with a fractured skull. An airplane from Selfridge Field, carrying a physician, was making every effort to reach the island. There was an epidemic of influenza there and many other serious cases, and the telephone calls were urgent. Not knowing of the airplane expedition, a brave doctor from Levering, J. B. Brown, had set out across the ice from Cross Village, driving a horse, and piloted by a fisherman. He reached St. James just after the airplane had made a successful landing on the large inland island lake, Genesareth; it had taken him about fourteen hours to make the crossing. They had constantly to drive out and around open water. He left the fracture case to Dr. R. N. Armstrong, the arrival by airplane,

and found himself busy enough in attending the other patients, many of them at death's door. He remained over a week on the island before he could return home. There is now a physician, Dr. Russell Palmer, partly paid by the State Health Department, who resides on Beaver.

One of the best stories Harold Titus has written is the one of the doctor who makes a perilous crossing to Beaver Island during a diphtheria epidemic, woven out of all these incidents, with a magic woof of human interest and domestic tragedy that makes it read like the saga of a soul redeemed by service. It is called *The Other Doctor*, and appeared originally in the *Elks' Magazine* for March, 1924.

Modern advances are to end the isolation of the islands. Arthur W. Stace says that "there is now (1926) an airline to the Beavers—an island company now owns three commercial airplanes which are used for exhibitions and for passenger-carrying at northern Michigan resorts, and which may be the forerunners of a regular passenger service between the islands and the mainland."<sup>23</sup>

This new method of carriage will no doubt be a boon to the islanders, but gone will be the old delightful days when loneliness was not loneliness in the sadder sense of the words, but meant only peace and rest and quiet. Those were the days when the world-weary could look back upon their sojourns on Beaver Island with its Arcadia-like simplicity, its sunny noons and moonlight nights unracked by the bustle and hurry of the outside world, longing to again share its primitive joys.

When the evening falls on Beaver,  
And the setting sun has rolled  
To the westward of the islands  
In a sea of molten gold,  
  
Then the cows go wandering slowly,  
Through the woods beside the lake,  
And the tinkle of the cow-bells  
Sounds along the paths they take.

<sup>23</sup>Detroit News, Feb. 6, 1927.

And all night they tinkle, tankle,  
From afar; and then, more clear  
Towards the morning, coming homeward,  
Tinkling as they draw a-near.

Memory often listens for them  
'Mid the city's roar and rush,  
Listens for that sound of music  
Falling on the night's still hush.

Nights with skies all starry-studded,  
Water lapping on the shore,—  
O the tinkling bells of Beaver,  
Shall I never hear them more?

## MICHIGAN—WISCONSIN BOUNDARY DISPUTE

BY MEREDITH P. SAWYER

MENOMINEE

BY decree entered November 29, 1926, the Supreme Court of the United States locked the forms on a story involving the history of Michigan from the Toledo War, with its echoes of the Virginia cession, down to the present, even to the next constitutional convention where it will be our duty to amend the description of our boundaries to conform with the dictates of the Court.

The controversy there determined has engaged the attention of many men, prominent in Michigan affairs at various phases of its development. The evidence adduced was a panorama of events over the period involved. The Decision was the application by master minds of a broad humanitarian Justice to an intensely involved situation within recognized Judicial principles.

It is my purpose to record here briefly the chain of circumstances there presented, and the influences affecting the decision as I see them, as they were outlined to me by one who could so infinitely better have composed this article had not the hand of death intervened.<sup>1</sup>

The Territory of Michigan included within its boundaries all of the present holdings of both Michigan and Wisconsin. Under the Terms of the Ordinance, not more than five states might be formed from the Northwest Territory and three were already in existence.

Michigan had asserted statehood rights, had elected a Governor, Congressmen and Senators, and was threatening war upon Ohio. The organization of Wisconsin Territory was also before Congress.

<sup>1</sup>Mr. Alvah L. Sawyer, Trustee of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, who died Feb. 5, 1925.

In all probability, the natural barrier of Lake Michigan would have divided the territory available for the formation of these two states, except for the activities of the Hon. Lucius Lyon, Douglass Houghton and Henry R. Schoolcraft.

The latter gentlemen, being somewhat familiar with the Upper Peninsula, urged its annexation, and the adjustment which gave Ohio its claims and Michigan the Upper Peninsula was undoubtedly contrived by Lucius Lyon, the delegate to Congress.

It was by reason of these actions and conditions that the boundary, so long in dispute, was adopted by Congress.

After Congress had defined a Southern Boundary for the Upper Peninsula, and ordered a survey, Captain Cram, to whom the survey was intrusted, reported the boundary to be impossible of delineation, due as he supposed, to a mistake of Congress. He made certain recommendations, and the matter lay without Congressional action until the admission of Wisconsin.

The Wisconsin Enabling Act, redefined the Boundary, following generally the suggestions of Captain Cram. This Boundary was conditioned upon ratification by Michigan within two years, was surveyed by direction of Congress and generally adopted.

The general claims of Michigan in its suit were based on the original boundary. It was urged that the line defined by Congress was a possible line, and thus Michigan had a prior grant of Sovereignty.

Wisconsin on the other had contended for the Cram report, that the line was impossible; that adjustment had been made and acquiesced in.

The issue involved about three thousand square miles of territory, now assessed at approximately thirty millions and providing homes for some fifteen thousand citizens of Wisconsin.



Suit was brought only after repeated efforts at adjustment had failed through the refusal of Wisconsin to treat.

Following the Cram report the condition was brought to the attention of Governor Cass, and the Michigan legislature by Douglass Houghton, then State Geologist, and was referred to the Michigan contingent in Congress.

The admission of Wisconsin being a Congressional issue, the question was considered by Congressional representatives of that territory and the Michigan contingent with the result that Wisconsin was given the territory in dispute conditioned upon ratification by the State of Michigan.

No ratification occurred, and the whole matter dropped from sight, so far as Michigan was concerned, until again agitated by the Hon. Peter White.

During this period, Wisconsin assumed jurisdiction and began to fortify its claims to the disputed territory by making improvements.

There is ample evidence that men prominent in the affairs of that State considered that the Upper Peninsula had been "stolen" from Wisconsin. The Wisconsin Territorial Assembly, prior to the admission of that State, had adopted boundaries including all land between Lakes Michigan and Superior, and had highly resolved that if they might not be admitted to the Union with those boundaries then they would be a "State out of the Union," and take unto themselves such boundaries as they might see fit and be able to maintain.

One George Cannon, an engineer, brought to the attention of the Hon. Peter White, the fact that the Montreal River had two principal Branches, and that Wisconsin had surveyed up the East Branch, whereas the West Branch was the larger.

White was made ambassador to Wisconsin, and attended upon the Governor and legislature of that State. He was unable, however, to effect any settlement and the Michigan Legislature then ordered an investigation by its Attorney Gen-

*see M. & W. book*

*see M. & W. book  
dispute*

eral, and the State in adopting a new Constitution proclaimed the West Branch of the Montreal as its boundary.

Hon. John C. Bird, Chief Justice of the Michigan Supreme Court was then Attorney General, and he intrusted the investigation to Professor Davis of the University.

Professor Davis reported to General Bird, at length, but without learning that the original boundary as defined by Congress was a possible one.

The facts so disclosed did not justify any action and General Bird was advanced to the Supreme Bench.

In 1919, the Legislature again acted on the matter, and authorized a Commission to investigate, and directed that the Attorney General take such action as would finally determine the controversy.

It had become embarrassing in many ways, not to have an established boundary. In the enforcement of laws, preventing importation of liquor, the lost boundary was a standard defense and a Court created by the Michigan constitution was asked to hold that Hurley, Wisconsin, was in Michigan, since the boundaries prescribed in the Constitution so provided.

Hon. Sigurd Nelson of Ironwood, Hon. Michael Moriarty of Crystal Falls, and Hon. Alvah L. Sawyer of Menominee, were the Commission who investigated and reported the true conditions. During the investigation Messrs. Nelson and Moriarty died. The report of the Commission was made by Mr. Sawyer, who was by authority of the Legislature appointed Special Counsel, to prosecute an action to determine the Boundary.

The pleadings, the preparation, and taking of Michigan's evidence, and the successful combating of Wisconsin's motion to dismiss the action, were all the work of my father, who was suddenly called by death on the eve of the hearings, at which the defense was opened.

It would not be fair to the reader or myself to attempt to present the questions which the Court considered. It took

many hundreds of printed pages to present them to the Court.

A complete chain of evidence was adduced establishing Michigan's right to the disputed territory. On the other hand, it appeared that Wisconsin had gone into possession as a result of the conditional settlement made by the Congressional representatives of the two states, and that while Michigan had not ratified, she had failed to act over a long period, during which Wisconsin had established herself in complete possession; that to interfere with Wisconsin's possession would invalidate bond issues, disrupt political subdivisions, divide school districts, and burden the population with the tremendous labor and expense of rearranging all records of transfers of title.

The Decree settles the location of the line for all time. By it, the difficulties foreseen by the Legislature of 1919 are removed and all questions of jurisdiction finally determined.

The Boundary was nowhere changed, but where it was actually undetermined, it has been defined to Michigan's advantage. Sugar Island, so-called is the site of coal docks, and the factory of the Menominee River Sugar Company; if an island, it would belong to Wisconsin, under the terms of its enabling act; Wisconsin recently sought to annex its million dollar valuation to her assessment rolls, but under the express language of the decree it is not an island, but Michigan mainland.

The Boundary through Green Bay waters has been defined in the language of a sailor, insuring enforcement of commercial fishing regulations in an area formerly free to all.

The records of the trial are preserved in the Library of Congress, the General Library of the University of Michigan, and in the office of the Attorney General.

It was my father's wish that I carry this litigation to conclusion. In the partisanship of legal disputes, we are prone to measure results by material gains only. We fought for a principality, and establish a principle, namely:

As between the States of this Great Union, let there be no conquest; only a just settlement based on the rights of individuals who may be citizens of different states, but are surely all citizens of the United States.

## PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

BY C. REID WEBBER

GRAND RAPIDS

### I

#### *Spiritual Rite*

PURPLE shadows clothe the hills in a cloak of mystery, of silence, of peace.

It is Fall. The night of the year moves stealthily forward. The woods are dressed in gorgeous robes celebrating the passing of the year. The birds are flying southward today. Awesome is the silence.

The Spirit of Rest is in the air.

The heart alone is stirred. There enters the realization of loneliness. In loneliness, in distress, in fear all turn to religion, the worship of Deity. Religion is the only influence that controls the heart. And so the human heart turns to its shrine of adoration—and now, at twilight I am beside the old mission. Lingering sunbeams filter through aged, gnarled trees, softening the scars on the walls—even as the sunbeams of love soften the scars of life on a wearied soul.

One seems to hear the soft shuffle of sandaled feet, the evening chimes ring as from great distance, then closer and the clear sweet notes of a bird enshroud the soul with the spirit of fervent prayer.

(Prayer)

Let us pray!

Oh Thou, Great All-Seeing, All-Feeling Father, we thank Thee for the love, the courage, the strength that flows from Thine ever generous hand; we thank Thee for the health, and beauty that forever delights the soul; we thank Thee for the peace accorded us this day—and in this hour we praise Thee for the joy and quiet bestowed upon us in this broad and loving place in which we live. AMEN!

## II

*Americanization*

Out of the darkness of strife, of wracking servitude,—of tedious oppression, there appeared a Great and Kindly Hand!

To this sheltering protection of love and care came the multitudes steeped in a heritage of hate and vengeance and blood! To a shining light came those fouled with race-differences and vendettas—came these to be purged and re-created.

Came those from rigorous northlands and torrid south, the mysterious easterner and the stolid European! From the land of cherry-blossom! From the land of crooning palms! From the lands of snow and sledges!

Here under purging flame the Great Alchemist brought solemn faces and turned them to smiles. There marched singing children—dancing girls—frolicsome boys.

Weary worn faces of Mothers smoothed! Aching backs of Fathers eased!

Confidence became the family! Confidence and pride arose to the city! Courage and initiative enspirited the state! The Nation forged forward with greater speed to greater and greater achievement!

BEHOLD! "a republic which shakes thrones and dissolves aristocracies by its silent example and gives light and protection to those who sit in darkness!"

BEHOLD! America where all races and creeds unite to build a Promised Land—where can be seen the workings of the Kingdom of God. Where come the multitude to labor and look forward in anticipation!

BEHOLD! America—the nation of Light! To a nation led by YOUTH comes the whole world to LIGHT—through the Arch of Education!

## III

*Peace*

It is the year Nineteen Eighteen: For four long years darkness has enshrouded the world. The greatest disaster of human history has engulfed the nations. Civilized men have become primitive and mad! Nations have sprung at each other's throats! All heritage of hate and vengeance and thirst for blood surges uncontrolled through the world. Minds have turned to fire!

"Protection" is the cry! "Protection from the enemy." Little matters what or why *the* enemy! 'Tis the enemy to be fought. "National defense and national security."

Martial music! The marching millions of men, the rumble of drums, the clank of war machinery enroute to the field of combat!

Flare signals for troop movement burst over No-Man's Land presenting a scene more grotesque than conceivable in civilized minds. Rockets roar! Deep rumble of distant guns! Screaming shells pass overhead!

HARK! HARK! The smooth clear tones of the bugle! A call for which the whole world has anxiously waited for four dreary years. The call "To Truce!" The call "To Armistice."

Gleeful soldiers rush from vile holes of protection. Those "back Home" surge to the streets in maddening joy! The greatest conflict of history is ended!

Quiet has settled over the whole world!

Reconstruction has begun.

And in dignified presence stands one nation—resting securely upon the foundation stones quarried from the mountain of eternal truth—all men are created equal! There behold AMERICA!

"BEHOLD the republic standing erect while empires all around are bowed beneath the weight of their own armaments



—a republic whose flag is loved, while other flags are only feared!"

BEHOLD a nation, whose insignia, the war-like eagle, stands not for conquest, but, as the dove, it stands for Peace!

BEHOLD a nation, whose national anthem, the Star Spangled Banner, treats the glorification of war for right—but the beautification of a national life of peace!

BEHOLD a nation whose colors—Red, White, and Blue, portray a national feeling of virility, of purity, of constancy!

BEHOLD a nation—"First in Peace." "Peace, peace, to all ye unborn millions, fated to fill this giant continent—the God of our *children* give you PEACE!

#### IV

#### *Health and Joy and Beauty*

In the building of a distant mosque, a thousand years ago, a solution of musk, that choicest of essence, was mixed with the mortar. Throughout this ancient structure, today, the visitor is greeted with a delightful fragrance. Its elusive delight pleases the sensibilities of its guest, so that for those from far and near, this ancient mosque has become a shrine. It is not an object of curiosity. It is an object of adoration, because of its pleasant, agreeable and lasting greeting. 'Tis not a transitory quality—here but a moment and gone! No! It is lasting because that quality was embodied at its very beginning—in its foundation—in those parts which tie the physical units together.

And so with nations and with lives!

A nation is not stronger than the health of its people.

"The Public Health is a foundation upon which rests the happiness and welfare of the nation."

"Health is, indeed, so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly—Not only is the squanderer a spendthrift of his

happiness but is also a robber of the public; he becomes a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, refused that part which Providence assigns him in the general test of human nature."

And here in America stands rugged Youth!

Here 'mid freedom of life—of movement—of nature stands YOUTH—the hope of the nation—the world!

America, the nation of Athletic Champions!

America, the healthiest nation of the world!

American Youth—radiant and beautiful because of healthful physique!

American Youth—joyful and enthusiastic because of health and freedom and purity!

The sea, the pine, the stars, the forest deep

Bequeaths to me their subtle wealth.

Or still days brood, or rough winds round me sweep.

Mine is the earth—man's vibrant health;

All things for love of me their vigils keep—

I have the health, the wealth.

Run, sea, in my heart!

Pine, sing in my heart!

Stars, glow in my heart!

For ye are mine, and my soul,

Like ye, is a part

Of the wonderful Whole.

And—now—when the glorious sunset of your life is swiftly fading, and the vast panorama is suffused with a more restful twilight, may the many-gleaming lights of life and love of comfort and joy add the tender poetry of the night. And may Health, far back, like a lonely guiding star, twinkle on and on and may you and yours forever realize that the torch of Youth and Health—makes this "My Country—'tis of Thee, sweet land of Liberty!"

## MICHIGAN TO CALIFORNIA IN 1861

BY IRA H. BUTTERFIELD, JR.

EAST LANSING

**D**URING the summer of 1861, I made an overland trip from Michigan to California, the occasion being the transportation or moving of a lot of pure-bred live stock belonging to Mr. John D. Patterson then of Westfield, New York, who was a cousin of my mother and with whom my father, Ira H. Butterfield, Senior, had been associated in sheep and cattle raising for several years previously. A part of the stock belonged to my father.

During the years 1859 and 1860, Mr. Patterson had shipped Merino sheep and some Shorthorn cattle to California by steamer via the Isthmus, and had found a ready market for them. He had purchased a ranch (or farm) at Brooklyn near Oakland, California. The high freight rates by steamer (\$100 each for sheep and \$500 each for grown cattle) led him to think of driving a large number overland.

Accordingly Mr. Patterson made arrangements for the journey, and it was arranged that I was to go along as a kind of super-cargo, or representative, of Mr. Patterson and my father in connection with the stock, as I was familiar with the stock and could keep record of it.

On April 11, 1861, the stock consisting of over 600 head of Merino sheep, 70 head of Shorthorn and Devon cattle were shipped at Detroit to be carried by rail to the Missouri River.

Mr. Patterson had previously engaged a Mr. Blodgett of Wisconsin who had been across the plains, as guide and leader for the proposed trip and had purchased teams and wagons in Wisconsin, and also shipped some horses and colts there from Westfield. These were driven overland from Wisconsin

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Mr. Butterfield is the father of President Kenyon L. Butterfield of Michigan State College. At the time of this journey he was 20 years of age.

to Nebraska City, Nebraska, a place about midway between St. Joseph and Omaha. The cattle and sheep went by rail to St. Joseph and thence by river boat to Nebraska City.

Freight trains were much slower then than now and it took seven days to get to St. Joseph, unloading to feed at Chicago and Quincy, Illinois. We were at St. Joseph four days, then getting the whole lot of stock on a big river steamer, "The West Wind". We left St. Joseph towards night, April 23. The river had been high but was falling fast. On the Missouri the channel is continually changing and the pilot never knows where to find, or rather where to clear, the sand bars and the next morning found our boat on a sand bar not over twenty miles on our journey. The distance by river is about 150 miles and we were three days on the boat sometimes finding clear sailing for miles and again lodging on a sand bar; arriving at Nebraska City, Friday, April 26, at four o'clock p. m., a tired hungry lot of stock as we could not properly feed them on the boat.

Mr. Patterson, his brother, A. S. Patterson, my father and Mr. B. J. Williams of Wisconsin accompanied the stock this far, except my father returned from St. Joseph. The teams and men from Wisconsin had already arrived and we were camped at Nebraska City, a place of about 2,000 inhabitants. It was then an outfitting point for overland trains but not as good as St. Joseph or Omaha, and I never knew just why we did not leave the river at St. Joseph and start across from there, thus saving the miserable and costly trip up the river, as St. Joseph is but little farther from old Fort Kearney than is Nebraska City and in any event with the time lost on the river trip we would have reached the Platte River as soon and with less discomfort and expense.

The men who were secured in Wisconsin to drive the teams and stock had engaged to do this work without wages, only securing their board during the trip so that they could land in California free of charge. As they wanted to go to California,

this was not a bad bargain for them for, if they had undertaken the trip as ordinary emigrants, it would have taken nearly as much of their time and, in addition, they would have been obliged to purchase their own teams and outfits. Hence it was really cheap transportation for them. There were some twenty-six men in all our "train" and in the main they were a good lot of men, some of them very intelligent.

We remained in Nebraska City until May 7 getting things in order for the trip. We had eight wagons loaded with provisions, consisting of bacon, flour, beans, dried apples, tea, and coffee. These foods were the menu for the next six months supplemented by a very little game and fish obtained on the way.

Living in the open with plenty of work gave us good appetites and we were always hungry for bacon and biscuit, black strong coffee and beans, with dried apple sauce as a relish. I never had a better appetite in my life than on all this trip. We took enough provisions for the whole trip, for while at that time provisions could be secured at Salt Lake City, we were not going that way, but were to keep far north of there on a newer road where there were no settlements or food stations of any kind.

Our teams were newly shod and wagons put in order for the long journey. We took extra shoes for horses which we learned to put on ourselves on the way, also such extras and tools as experience of those who had been across the plains found to be most needed and useful, and on Tuesday, May 7, at one o'clock p. m., we started. At that time the last farm house and settler was passed about five miles out from Nebraska City and we were soon out on the open prairies with nothing but the open boundless land in sight.

Our first days and nights out kept us busy. The teams were green and unused to being camped out, the men were quite as green to this kind of life, and it took some days to get all used to the routine to which they finally settled and

which became much easier after a week or two of experience.

At the beginning we hopped the horses to prevent their running away, and to allow them to feed, we roped them to stakes. At the beginning, until they got accustomed to these things, they would get tangled up in the rope when grazing and gave us all sorts of trouble. The first day out one team ran away and mixed things up considerably.

The following is the daily schedule of movement for the journey:

Tuesday afternoon, May 7, we drove five miles and camped on the open prairie by a small stream or slough. This proved a sleepless night. Our team and stock were so restless that the attention of the whole crew was required to keep them from getting scattered or stampeding as horses are apt to do until they are thoroughly accustomed to this kind of life.

Wednesday, May 8, we drove thirteen miles over fine rolling prairie entirely destitute of trees, scarcely one in sight all day. Passed three settlers' houses today. Camped in a hollow where there was water but only a surface slough and we drank very little of it.

Thursday, May 9, we drove five miles in the rain and camped on a sluggish stream called Weeping Willow twenty-five miles out from Nebraska City. Here was wood.

Friday, May 10, drove seventeen miles over a beautiful prairie country. Not a tree in sight. Passed three houses of settlers, standing out alone on the prairie and looking lonesome enough. Crossed a stream called Salt River, the water flowing in it being quite salty. The prairie was soft on account of the rains which had fallen and the road was tiresome for the teams.

Saturday, May 11, drove seventeen miles. No wood but one watering place. Passed two lone houses. Did not get into camp until 7 p. m. Water bad and no timber for shelter. It rained all night and we were all wet.

Sunday, May 12, it rained hard all day and until late in the evening. We were obliged to drive as we had a poor camp. The rains had made the roads soft and it was a hard drive for the teams. We kept on the lookout for timber and after driving fifteen miles we saw some in the distance and making for it camped in a ravine, where the timber gave us some shelter. It was late in the evening when we got the teams and stock quieted down. All were very uncomfortable and it kept the crew of men busy all night caring for the animals.

Sometime towards midnight we got some supper. It was a time to make one homesick and I heard several of the men wish they were home and, indeed, I rather felt that way myself. Three months later we would have felt differently although I do not remember a time on the whole trip when we were really more uncomfortable than on this Sunday night.

Monday, May 13, we did not move from camp. The rain had ceased and we spent the day in getting dried out. We were now near Platte River, which at that point, was nearly one mile wide and filled with small wooded islands. As we followed the Platte for some five hundred miles, more will be said of it. We were on the south side of the river. The emigrant road from Omaha over which the mail stages, (which started this year) ran was on the north side of the Platte.

Tuesday, May 14, we started at 9 a. m. and drove six miles to Skull Creek where in crossing two axles of our wagons were broken and we were obliged to camp to make repairs. We were near the river, and here the valley was two miles wide, and for some four miles was level and without a tree. The grass had got to be good pasture and the stock were doing nicely.

Wednesday, May 15, we were still in camp repairing wagons. One of our company went hunting and brought in a deer or antelope.

Thursday, May 16, having repaired the wagons, we drove sixteen miles, most of the way through low hills bordering the river. We saw today many trains of emigrants on their way to Denver and California. Most of them passed us, as not being hampered by stock they could make more miles per day than we could. At this time, there was a large emigration to Colorado, Denver being the objective point.

Friday, May 17, we drove seventeen miles crossing Clear Creek and camped on the river. Opposite us in the river were several islands covered with timber, red cedar and other trees. We had driven all day without seeing a tree and we waded across to an island and got a supply of firewood. The prairie here was covered with wild flowers, one of which, a wild pea (as we called it) with a purple flower, was very beautiful.

Saturday, May 18, we drove fifteen miles following along the river bottom which here is three miles wide, well covered with grass and wild flowers in abundance. The road was somewhat sandy.

Sunday, May 19, it rained Saturday night and Sunday (the third rainy Sunday in succession) and having plenty of wood and water we stayed in camp.

Monday, May 20, we drove eighteen miles. The roads were very soft from the rains of Sunday, the worst we have had so far and on



account of scarcity of wood and water, (we could not reach the river) we were obliged to make a long drive. We passed two ranches today. One of them built entirely of adobe or turf. We camped near a house where there was a well, and the water tasted good after using water from the sloughs on the prairie.

Tuesday, May 21, the road branches here. One follows the river and one through the bluffs. We took the latter but found it very bad. We drove twelve miles and went down to the river to camp where we found wood. Here we saw a number of earth mounds ten to twenty feet high scattered over the valley. The bluffs are quite high and rise abruptly. On the north side of the river we could see many teams passing. We could also see telegraph poles, a line from Omaha to Denver, or at least one being constructed.

Wednesday, May 22, we drove fifteen miles and camped near a ranch and opposite the eastern end of Grand Island. This island is one to one and a half miles wide and reaches to near old Fort Kearney forty miles distant.

Thursday, May 23, drove fourteen miles and camped on the river near a ranch. The ranch here means a house and other small buildings. These ranches were found along the Platte. They kept for sale some provisions, liquors, and tobacco. At this place we met an Indian war party of the Sioux Tribe who were on the warpath against the Pawnees, who at that time held the Southern portion of Nebraska. They were physically a good looking lot and were armed with bows, spears, and guns. They rode ponies. Their clothing consisted only of a blanket, which they wrapped about their bodies. They showed no hostility but made an urgent request for provisions. We gave them a small quantity of flour, as a peace offering. At this time, 1861, the Indians felt quite strong and frequently attacked the whites but this was near a United States fort and there was but little trouble with them.

Friday, May 24, drove twelve miles and camped near another ranch. The day before one of the Shorthorn calves had died and after driving several miles the dam of the calf got away from the herd and went back to the old camp looking for her calf. One of the party and myself went back to get her. We found her and drove her back but were so late getting in that we could not find the camp and we forded across to an island in the river that was timbered, tied our horses to trees, rolled ourselves in our blankets, without supper. In the early morning we easily found camp.

Saturday, May 25, drove eleven miles to within three miles of Fort Kearney, a military post at that time. Five miles from the fort, the

road from St. Joseph joins the road on which we came from Nebraska City. We were now 200 miles on our journey. The days were getting warm and we started at three a. m. and laid over during the heat. In the afternoon, some of us went over to the fort which consisted of barracks and a few wooden buildings. There were but seventy men here. Not long before we were there the guns had been ordered "spiked" by the commandant who was evidently a "rebel" but the men were more loyal and would not allow him to complete the work. Two miles beyond the fort was Kearney Village where there were some stores, a blacksmith shop, and several houses. The stores and blacksmith got considerable trade from the emigrants passing. All the buildings were constructed of adobe or prairie sod, even the roofs were covered with turf supported by poles. Some of them had stood since 1849, the first years of overland emigration.

Sunday, May 26, we remained in camp.

Monday, May 27, we started at three a. m. and drove sixteen miles along the valley of the Platte. Very little wood but grass and water plentiful.

Tuesday, May 28, started at five a. m. and drove fifteen miles and camped along the Platte. Today we saw the Pony Express for the first time. The Pony Express was a daily line carrying only mail. It left the Missouri River at St. Joseph (I think). The ponies or bronchos were ridden eight or ten miles per hour day and night, going from the river to Sacramento in nine days. Stations were established a few miles apart and men rode thirty or forty miles changing ponies at the stations. It was rather dangerous business in those times and many times they were attacked by Indians. We here saw many emigrants going to Denver all with ox teams. The Pike's Peak gold regions were attracting them. Ox teams were in many respects preferable to horses on the plains. They subsisted better on grass and were less trouble to care for when in camp, and would make nearly as many miles per day. One of our wagons loaded with a ton or more of bacon was drawn by two yoke of cattle.

Wednesday, May 29, started at one a. m. and drove twelve miles crossing Plum Creek, and at three p. m. drove six miles farther. We were now getting into the buffalo country but we saw none here; nor, in fact, at any time, any live ones, although there were many carcasses that had lain there for one, two, or more years, it being so dry that the skins would not decay but still kept intact. No doubt many of these buffalo were shot solely for sport and no use made of either skin or carcass.

Thursday, May 30, started at three a. m. Drove twelve miles and

camped near Midway Stage Station of the St. Joseph and Denver line. Good grass. No wood.

Friday, May 31, drove sixteen miles, passed Gilman's ranch and camped one mile from Clark's ranch on the river. Plenty of wood and fair grass. At Clark's ranch was a blacksmith shop.

Saturday, June 1, drove eleven miles in the morning to Cottonwood Springs. Here were two stores, a postoffice, and a blacksmith shop. There were a number of Indians here. The Indians were good beggars. They had learned that all emigrants carried provisions and sometimes whiskey and they always asked for flour, etc. We had no whiskey but there was some ammonia in the camp stores and the boys would sometimes get some amusement by getting an Indian to take a good sniff from the ammonia bottle. We were now ninety miles west of Fort Kearney. In the afternoon, we drove seven miles and camped opposite some very high bluffs which, a few miles back, were covered with red cedar.

Sunday, June 2, we stayed in camp. During the day, we went up into the bluffs and got some fine views in all directions.

Monday, June 3, drove in the morning eleven miles to Fremont Slough. Passed Morrow's ranch. In the afternoon drove six miles farther to Fremont Springs. Clear running water but no wood. Passed two ranches. The inquiry may be made how we cooked our meals when there was no wood. We had some thirty persons to feed and two cooks. The cooks soon learned that there was scarcity of wood and usually carried a moderate supply along. As our provisions became lighter each day there was room for wood, but sometimes the wood failed and then we used buffalo "chips" or dried dung of buffalo which, along here, was plenty.

Tuesday, June 4, drove in the morning ten miles and camped near a ranch at O'Fallow's Bluffs. These were named in memory of one O'Fallow who was killed on the bluffs by Indians at some previous date. In the afternoon, we drove seven miles and passed Moore's ranch where there was a store and a postoffice.

Wednesday, June 5, drove fourteen miles all along the river bottom which had excellent grass and, no doubt, at this time, (1910) is a fine farming country.

Thursday, June 6, drove sixteen miles, reaching the crossing of the South Platte, where the California road crossed over to the North Platte. The Denver-Pike's Peak road continues along the south side of the South Platte. The stage road goes farther up before crossing. Here the river was at least one half mile wide and, at that time, from two to three feet deep with a swift current. The bed of the

river is quick sand, and in places, deep holes were formed by the water. Here a half-breed had a ranch and station and made some money selling articles to emigrants, trading horses with them, etc. It did not seem possible to get our sheep across the river except by hauling them in wagons. Accordingly, we unloaded two wagons, and putting four horses on each, we hauled the sheep across. This took two days of hard work. While the average depth of the water did not reach the wagon box, the frequent deeper holes made the chances of upsetting quite favorable and I started out with my horse to pilot the wagons. If my horse got into deep water, the only damage was a good wetting and I could find the route for the wagons to escape the holes. On their return when empty, I paid little attention to them and once at least, a wagon capsized in the water. In piloting the wagons across, I crossed the river thirty-six times and was thoroughly wet all of the two days. But the weather was warm and I did not mind it. In the afternoon of the second day, we got everything across, and as it was nineteen miles over a rather high ridge to the North Platte and no water on the route, we camped and got dried out, and toward evening of June 9, we drove up on the ridge seven miles and made a "dry camp", taking water to drink and for cooking. But the stock had to go without. Grass was fresh and good and they suffered little.

Monday, June 10, drove twelve miles to the North Platte, going down a very steep hill through Ash Hollow to the river. I think we found no hill more steep on the whole journey. It was indeed so steep that I preferred to dismount and lead my horse down the grade. We came into a beautiful valley surrounded by bluffs and found a large spring of clear cold water, which was a luxury as we had been using the warm and muddy waters of the Platte for several days.

Tuesday, June 11, we drove sixteen miles over a very sandy road. The valley here is rather narrow with high bluffs to the south.

Wednesday, June 12, drove sixteen miles and camped on the river. Along here we found alkali. At that time (1861) in many places in western Nebraska and Wyoming, the soil was impregnated with alkali in such quantities that the water in the sloughs, and sometimes in small streams, contained enough alkali to be dangerous to stock drinking it and we lost some stock from this cause, but more, I think, from inhaling the dust from this alkali soil.

Thursday, June 13, drove fifteen miles, part of the way through bluffs, crossing a creek of fine cool water. At noon, quite a company of Indians passed. They were peaceable but begged provisions as usual.

Friday, June 14, drove eighteen miles. Camped at noon on a creek of cool water and opposite Court House Rock. It looked a mile away and a few of us started to go up to it. It took us an hour and a half to get to it. We found a big rock almost in shape of a big building, some three hundred feet high. We climbed to the top. It was a soft sandstone and we carved our names on it. I do not know if it still exists in the same form or whether the elements have materially reduced it. There were some evidences of annual disintegration. From the top of the rock, we could see Scott's Bluffs thirty-five miles distant.

Saturday, June 15, drove four miles and camped opposite and about two miles from Chimney Rock. This rock is a formation of soft stone or very hard clay (it being so soft that it could be cut with an ordinary knife). A circular base formed by the disintegrated rock rises 150 feet from the plain and above this a column thirty to forty feet square rises another 125 or more feet. It seemed to be dissolving quite fast and doubtless ere this it has all gone down. We had seen this rock ahead for more than fifty miles. There were many rocks of various sizes and heights rising from the plain in this vicinity.

Sunday, June 16, we drove ten miles to get better grass.

Monday, June 17, drove fourteen miles. Passed through Scott's Bluffs. The road through the bluffs has the appearance of a wide natural highway, cut through white clay. Back from the road, the bluffs were 200 feet high with almost perpendicular face. There was no place for a camp on the road through the bluffs.

Tuesday, June 18, drove eight miles in the morning and five miles in the afternoon, and camped on Horse Creek—a stream of fine cold water. Here was a store and stage station. The proprietor had an Indian wife and had to support all her relations, as is the custom. There was an Indian lodge here—as a collection of Indian tents are called—which looked quite neat and tidy. An Indian tent or lodge was constructed of slender poles twenty feet long, the bottoms placed in a circle and the tops joined together. These were covered with skins. A place was left at the top for escape of smoke and for ventilation. In these the Indians lived summer and winter.

Wednesday, June 19, we lay in camp at Horse Creek. Grass was scarce here as the emigration ahead of us had grazed it closely.

Thursday, June 20, drove ten miles to the Platte River. Passed over bluffs as bare of anything green as a rock. There were some fine wooded islands opposite our camp, in the river. This afternoon, C. W. Weston, who had been a partner with my father at Utica, and who with three brothers and two sisters were emigrating to California

and who were traveling on the north side of the river, came across to our camp. How he recognized our train I do not remember, but probably could see that we had cattle and sheep. Some of the men had red woolen blankets which were very attractive to the Indians, and somewhere along here the Indians offered to exchange a nice buffalo robe for a red blanket. Some two or three of the men made an exchange which looked to them a good trade. But in a few days the whole camp was infested with body lice (called cooties in 1918) and we were all boiling shirts and cleaning bedding for the next month.

Friday, June 21, drove eleven miles and camped on the Platte River. After breakfast Weston and I started for Fort Laramie, about eight or ten miles. We went to the postoffice and crossed the river to Weston's camp.

Saturday, June 22, our train drove eight miles while I stayed with Weston. It was said at the Fort that no rain had fallen in the vicinity for a year and grass was very scarce and the road was hilly and sandy.

Sunday, June 23, I stayed in camp with the Westons. Our train made a short drive and the two trains were camped nearly opposite each other. In the afternoon three or four of our boys came across the river, swimming across. Westons wanted to send some mail and we fixed up a small raft and I embarked on that so as to keep the mail dry and the boys swam and steered the raft. The river was very swift and we went down stream at least one-half mile in crossing. I was mighty glad to be rafted across as I was not much of a swimmer. While the country was dry, the river was high as at this season the melting of snow in the mountains furnished water. There was at Fort Laramie a military station with one or two companies of troops.

Monday, June 24, in camp all day allowing stock to rest. In the afternoon went back to the fort to mail letters as it might be some time before we had another opportunity.

Tuesday, June 25, drove in the morning five miles and camped near a mail station where there was more grass and wood. These stage stations were being established one each ten miles for the new line of overland stages to run between St. Joseph, Missouri, and Sacramento. They began trips sometime in June of this year and the Pony Express was discontinued. These stages made the trip in sixteen days running day and night and changing teams each ten miles. The total distance was over 2,000 miles, hence they made about 125 miles per day. From this camp, the road ran through the Black Hills and away from the river. The road through the hills was bad for stock—stony and rough and many of the cattle became sore-footed. This was known by our



guide and he had taken along some sole leather which he cut in form for cattle shoes, and throwing the animal, fastened this leather to the hoof with tacks driven into the outside horn of the hoof. These shoes were not very permanent but would last sometimes several days and until the animals recovered or we had gotten over the bad road.

Wednesday, June 26, we drove ten miles before breakfast to Cottonwood Creek, passing over some very steep hills and stony road. In the afternoon, we drove four miles to little Cottonwood.

Thursday, June 27, started at three a. m. and drove twelve miles to Horse Shoe Creek. Here was a ranch, stage station, and trading post. At the station, saw a white woman—rare in that country in 1861.

Friday, June 28, we had breakfast this morning before starting. Getting up at three a. m. and driving five or six hours before breakfast was not a pleasant task. We had done so at times because it was quite hot during the day to drive stock. We drove ten miles and camped near springs of cold water. The road through the Black Hills, which extend from near Fort Laramie to Deer Creek nearly one hundred miles, is the worst road on the whole journey. The road is rough and hilly. Grass was scarce. Here we saw the first sage brush that was quite common farther on. Today we passed through a small forest of pine timber.

Saturday, June 29, we started at four a. m. and drove fifteen miles. The stock took an Indian trail which saved them some four miles. During the day, we met a party of Indians which were moving their lodges and they frightened our teams so that we could hardly manage them. When the Indians move their village, they take down their tents previously described and putting a pole on each side of a pony, fasten the ends to the neck and shoulders of the pony, the other ends resting on the ground. Small sticks or slats are laid on the poles behind the pony, fastened with rawhide thongs, and the few household goods used by the Indians placed thereon. Our horses had not been accustomed to Indians and when we met this strange procession, the teams became almost unmanageable so that we had to unhitch them from the wagons to let the Indian procession pass.

Sunday, June 30. Were in camp on La Bonita Creek. Good water. We were nearly opposite, and some twenty miles distant from Laramie Peak, the highest peak of the Black Hills country. We had seen this peak some 120 miles back. I do not know its height.

Monday, July 1, started at three a. m. and drove ten miles before breakfast. After breakfast while driving our horses to water, they became frightened at an Indian. Got away from us and ran back



eight miles. We never let all of our horses loose at once so we had some to ride after the runaways and got them back in three or four hours. In the afternoon drove eight miles but the teams went on ahead of the cattle and we did not get to camp with them but held them until morning.

Tuesday, July 2, lay in camp on Laprell Creek. Fish in creek and we had some for supper. A treat as we had very little fresh meat of any kind on the trip. At five p. m., we made a short drive of five miles to Box Elder Creek.

Wednesday, July 3, started at three a. m. and drove to Platte River which we had not seen for eighty miles. At four a. m. we crossed Big Box Elder Creek. In the afternoon we drove seven miles to Deer Creek, a very fine stream. We camped on the river. Mosquitoes were very bad and kept our stock very restless as well as being troublesome to our people. I may mention here that our method of making camp was to draw up our wagons in line, the horses unhitched and most of them turned loose, although at the beginning of the trip, we staked the team horses with rope and some with hobbles which gave them a chance to graze but could not get away very fast. The cattle and sheep were allowed to graze on the plain until nightfall when they were rounded up, and usually they would lie down and remain quiet until morning. We kept three men out as watchmen each night, two watches each night. We had some twenty-four men liable to do duty watching, as we let the cooks out of this, so that each fourth night everyone had a half night of watching. I had charge of the assignment of men for this work. At Deer Creek was a postoffice and four miles up the creek a United States Indian agency, a point from which supplies were furnished the Sioux Indians by the government. Among the supplies furnished the Indians had been a certain number of guns which were given the Indians with the idea that they would aid them in procuring subsistence. But at times these guns had been used to shoot white people. A supply train which had just arrived, while passing through Kansas had been relieved of the guns aboard intended for this agency, by the settlers, and when the train arrived at the agency without the guns, the Indians were very much exasperated and there was considerable anxiety at the agency. I never heard whether it resulted in any serious trouble.

July 4, we celebrated by remaining in camp. Our cooks made some dried apple pie which was a new deal for us.

Friday, July 5, we got out at three a. m. and drove fourteen miles camping on the river.

Saturday July 6, started at four a. m. and drove fourteen miles before breakfast which was about noon and we were hungry.

Sunday, July 7, started again at four a. m. and drove thirteen miles to Red Buttes on the North Platte, crossing the river on a bridge built by a Frenchman and said to have cost \$60,000, although I fancy he did not pay for much of the labor. The bridge was some sixty rods long and the timber for it, including the plank for the roadway, was all gotten out by hand labor. The river here was deep and swift and all emigration as well as the stage line used the bridge. The toll charges were: Team and wagon, \$3.00 each; cattle, 10c; sheep, 3c; and loose horses 25c. This amounted to quite a sum but we figured out that we could spare some bacon and the toll man took part pay in bacon at 18c per pound.

Monday, July 8, at four a. m. we bade farewell to the Platte River. The river has a big bend here coming to this point from the southwest and making a turn to the south and east. The city or town of Casper is, I think, now located at or near this point. We were obliged to drive eighteen miles to find water and camped at a spring of pure water from which the water flowed out in a small stream. After flowing in the creek for two or three miles, the water became so impregnated with alkali as to be unsafe for stock and it gave us much trouble to keep them from it. Here were sage hens—a variety of prairie chicken—in plenty, and we shot a few and had some stewed fowl. Today, the *first through stage starting from St. Joseph for Sacramento that went on the new through route passed us*. It was one of the old style Concord stages, drawn by six mules. A man, called a messenger in charge of mail and express, sat on the seat with the driver. The team was driven very fast and the messenger was blowing a horn when it passed us.

Tuesday, July 9, started at five a. m. and drove ten miles to Fish Creek, and up the creek two miles to camp. Met this day two trains of emigrants returning from California. We were now in sight of the Sweetwater. Here was the poorest country we had yet seen. Hilly, sand, sage brush, and alkali.

Wednesday, July 10, lay over at Fish Creek to recruit stock. The grass had not been very good and the sandy roads and hills were hard for all.

Thursday, July 11, drove twelve miles to a stage station on the Sweetwater Creek or River, a stream at this point some thirty feet wide and not over one foot in depth. The road was still sandy with much alkali. The alkali was so plenty along here that in low places where water collected in the spring and evaporated later, there was

a deposit of alkali sometimes two or three inches in thickness. It was pure enough to use in place of saleratus for bread making and our cook used some as an experiment. At one place we saw people from Salt Lake with wagons, who had come here to gather this alkali and haul back to Salt Lake City for use, where it was said to be used without purifying or refining. Today, I sent a letter East to John D. Patterson by the *second* daily stage from the West.

Friday, July 12, we started at five a. m. and drove eight miles. Passed Independence Rock, a large rock standing apart from the range of rocky hills bordering the river and near the river. It is perhaps one hundred feet high and appeared to be level on top. It is about one thousand feet in diameter and partly rounded. The river bottom is here one-half to one mile wide and on either side the rocks rise to a height of one hundred to three hundred feet almost perpendicular. They are sparsely covered with scrubby red cedar. Here we passed Devil's Gate, an opening in the rocks through which the river passes. The opening is some forty feet wide at the bottom and perhaps one hundred feet at the top and at least three hundred feet high to the top. Some of the boys tried to pass through but could not make it. Some of us climbed to the top of the rocks from which we could see the Wind River Mountains seventy miles to the north.

Saturday, July 13, started at four a. m. and drove eight miles and camped on the Sweetwater near the mountains. Crossed a very muddy creek which empties into the river. This muddy stream seemed out of place in this mountain region.

Sunday, July 14, started at four thirty a. m. and drove ten miles. Camped on the Sweetwater near the highest peak of the Sweetwater Mountains. Snow mountains ten to twenty miles distant. A shower during the afternoon with some thunder, the first rain since May 19.

Monday, July 15, left camp at five a. m. and drove eleven miles to Sweetwater Gap. Road good.

Tuesday, July 16, started at four a. m. and drove eight miles passing through Sweetwater Gap which is one mile through and but a few rods wide, and in some places barely room for a road beside the river. In this Gap, we crossed the river three times. The rocks are high on either side. Camped on the river one mile below the sixth crossing. Our sheep had by this time become accustomed to fording streams. There was one old ewe that was always the leader and she would take the water and the rest would follow her. From the sixth crossing, we left the river for eighteen miles with no water that the stock should drink. We therefore drove in the afternoon seven miles and camped in the sage brush during a heavy shower. Near here are ice-springs so-called, but we did not see them.

Wednesday, July 17, we left our "dry" camp, which proved to be a wet one, early in the morning and drove ten miles to the river. The country was alkali, and the rain had formed puddles of water which we were afraid to let our stock drink from, which caused us much trouble.

Thursday, July 18, drove in the morning seven miles to the seventh and eighth crossings of the Sweetwater. Road very hilly. In the afternoon drove four miles to South Pass City. Postoffice here and mail stage station one mile below. It was claimed that gold had been discovered near here, and before reaching here we had seen maps of South Pass City showing town regularly laid out and Fremont's Peak represented as within the city limits. There was no city but two stone shanties, and Fremont's Peak was fifty miles away, and no gold in sight at least.

Friday, July 19. Drove eleven miles to Strawberry Creek. Road over hills called Rocky Ridge and very rough. Passed two alkali lakes and one spring of pure cold water.

Saturday, July 20, drove twelve miles to Sweetwater and camped one mile below the station. This is the last crossing of that stream. Here the road to Salt Lake City crosses to go over South Pass. We were to take a road called Lander's Road, so named because it had been laid out by Colonel Lander, U. S. A., and some grading, bridging, etc., had been done by troops. This road passed farther north than the Salt Lake road and while it crossed the Rockies at a higher elevation, it ran nearer the sources of streams, and water and grass were much more abundant. It joined the Salt Lake road over on the Humboldt River in Nevada. It is 250 miles from here to Salt Lake City. Met here a Mormon outfit going to Independence Rock after saleratus (alkali). There was a stage station here and a blacksmith shop. These stations and shops had considerable business from the emigrants on the road to California. The dividing ridge is about eight miles from here and the road goes over or through South Pass which seemed to be simply a level place over the ridge where a road was permissible and not a gap or pass, as might be expected.

Sunday, July 21, we lay over here. The nights were quite cold here, and this night ice two inches thick formed near our camp.

Monday, July 22, started at four a. m. and drove seven miles on the new road to Long's Creek. There were three or four trains just ahead of us on this road. Good road and good grass.

Tuesday, July 23, drove twelve miles to Sweetwater which now was but a small creek. Passed today what was said to be the highest elevation on the whole road, 8300 feet above the sea. There was fine mountain scenery.

Wednesday, July 24, drove six miles in the morning to Antelope Meadows on Poor's Creek, a beautiful valley. Saw one antelope. Wind River Mountains seem but a short distance away although probably fifty miles. Can see Fremont's Peak plainly. In the afternoon, drove seven miles to Little Sandy Creek. Crossed the dividing ridge 8250 feet elevation. The streams now run into the Salt Lake basin.

Thursday, July 25, drove five miles in the morning to the head of Big Sandy Creek and near high mountains. Went two or three miles up the mountains which are very rocky. Numerous streams come down falling over the rocks and make a noise like a miniature Niagara. We fancied there might be elk or deer in these mountains but saw none. In the afternoon, drove to crossing of Big Sandy, crossing a ridge from which we could see mountains covered with snow.

Friday, July 26, drove in the morning eight miles to Grass Springs. This is on the border of the upper part of the Colorado Desert. On the Salt Lake road, the desert is fifty-three miles wide and without water or much grass. Here it is but eighteen miles but the road is sandy and very dusty. The soil is very barren and covered with a small growth of sage brush. In the afternoon drove seven miles and camped on the desert.

Saturday, July 27, left camp at three a. m. and drove eleven miles to Green River Fork, but really the east fork of Green River. A swift stream some twenty rods wide and three feet deep. We crossed in the afternoon, swimming the sheep. Several of our men who were swimmers, being in the stream to help the sheep. We did not lose a sheep. The mosquitoes were very thick, simply in clouds, and worried the stock as well as the men.

Sunday, July 28, drove eleven miles to Green River crossing. (This is the west fork and the larger stream.) At five and one-half miles, we struck the river and followed it up stream for five and one-half miles farther to a ford. Very hilly and road dusty.

Monday, July 29, crossed Green River in the morning. It took all forenoon. We put all the sheep in wagons and hauled them across, the stream being too deep and swift to risk their swimming. We had to raise the boxes of our wagons up from the bolsters to keep our provisions from being wet. While not so wide as the South Platte, it was really the most difficult stream to cross on the whole route. In the afternoon, we drove thirteen miles but the stock did not get into camp until eleven o'clock.

Tuesday, July 30, lay over on Bitter Root Creek to let the stock rest from the hard drive of Monday. In the evening, we saw signal fires on the mountains made by the Indians. These signal fires were used

by the Indians to communicate between different lodges or camps. The fires are kindled with light stuff, burn briskly for a short time, and quickly die out. One light means that strangers are in the vicinity, two lights call the Indians together, three lights that they are prepared for an attack. We saw but a single light and rested quietly.

Wednesday, July 31, started at three a. m. and drove ten miles in the morning to the north fork of Piney Creek, and in the afternoon three miles farther to the middle fork of the same stream. Thornton and I went back to the last camp on Bitter Root after a calf whose mother died and was left there, the calf going back to seek its dam. We found the calf and with some trouble we caught him with a rope (we were not very expert with the lasso) and led him back. It was dark long before we reached the place of noon camp but we could see well enough to follow the road. We crossed the creek and kept on to the next fork where we expected to find camp. It was now midnight and we had had nothing to eat and we were tired, as were our horses. We expected that they would keep a light for us but we could see none. We called as loud as we could but no answer. I suggested firing my revolver but Thornton would not listen to that as we were in an Indian country. We finally gave it up, tied our horses and the calf to some small trees and waited until morning, keeping watch by turns. It was a dreary night for us two. In the morning, one of the men on guard at the camp acknowledged that he heard us call but was so afraid of Indians that he dared not make reply. Thornton and I were at least disgusted with his cowardice.

Thursday, August 1, drove ten miles. Most of the way through a narrow canyon through which a small stream flowed, which we crossed eight times. The walls of the canyon were very precipitous, 500 to 1,000 feet high and mostly covered with cedar. It was a beautiful canyon, but hard traveling. We camped on Piney Fork.

Friday, August 2, drove eight miles to a creek in LaBarge Valley, all the way through heavy timber. Crossed one very steep mountain. Road very rough. In the afternoon, it rained very hard. LaBarge Valley is quite narrow and the hills on either side are covered with very fine evergreen trees, fir, pine, and spruce.

Saturday, August 3, drove sixteen miles over mountains and through heavy pine, fir, and spruce timber. It was decidedly the roughest road we had yet seen. Camped at night on Smith's Fork of Bear River, with no grass for the stock. It rained nearly all night.

Sunday, August 4, started early and drove two miles where there was grass, and in the afternoon, five miles further to Salt River Valley. Here was good grass and wood. The water in the stream was clear



but quite salty, though not too much to prevent its use. Crossed a high mountain, and from this, coming down into the valley, we could see its whole length over twenty miles. There are very high mountains to the right.

Monday, August 5, drove thirteen and one-half miles to West Branch of Salt River. All the way through a fine grass valley. I have remembered this valley as one of the prettiest on the whole route. It is two to four miles wide, about twenty miles long, the stream bordered with timber running through. On the east side is a chain of mountains, and beautiful colored rocks. We were now in the country of the Bannock Indians, said to be hostile, which kept us nervous although we were not molested.

Tuesday, August 6, drove six and one-half miles to entrance of canyon, which is the outlet of the valley and stream, camping on Smoky Creek.

Wednesday, August 7, drove sixteen miles, passing out of the valley through the canyon one mile long, crossing the creek two or three times and passing a large area covered with salt, which was quite pure. We gathered a quantity of this and carried along for our stock. In the afternoon, we passed through another canyon two or three miles long. We found no grass until after dark and then water was a half mile away. Mosquitoes were very thick and we were tired and hungry and got but little rest. The mosquitoes were really a great annoyance as they kept the stock so uneasy that it was difficult to herd them, and we could not protect ourselves very much so that those who were not looking after the stock got little sleep. We had several nights of them along here.

Thursday, August 8, drove twelve miles to a large grass valley or plain. There was a lake with a marsh border on the west side where we could see large flocks of ducks, wild geese, etc. Mosquitoes were still abundant.

Friday, August 9, drove twelve miles, nooned on Otter Spring Creek, but camped at night without water. Good road but country mountainous.

Saturday, August 10, drove fourteen miles, crossed two or three creeks and Blackfoot River, a stream here forty feet wide and eighteen inches deep. There were many flat stones in the bed of the stream and under them were great numbers of crabs. A few of us thought of playing a joke on the cook and gathered a pail full of crabs and took them over to camp, but the cook was in earnest as he knew how to cook them, and we had quite a feast of fresh meat which tasted good as we found little or no game or fish through the Rockies and bacon



as a sole meat diet was monotonous. The streams now run north and northwest to Snake River, a branch of the Columbia.

Sunday, August 11, drove nine miles to entrance of canon near head of the Portneuf River where there is quite a large valley, passed over a rough road and down a long hill. Here we saw Indians the first since Deer Creek, although we had been in an Indian country since South Pass, and they had probably seen us. We also met a few traders who were on their way to the headwaters of the Columbia River.

Monday, August 12, drove thirteen miles and camped on Ross Fork of Snake River, nooned at the junction of two branches of Ross Fork, passed through canon and over mountain, saw Indians picking berries which they dry for winter use. Two hundred miles to the north is the country of the Flathead Indians, said to be a fine country. A great many traders spend the winter in that country trading with the Indians, bartering supplies, tobacco, whiskey, etc., for furs, and the advantage is all on the side of the trader. During the afternoon we passed the junction of Lander's road and the road to Fort Hall (an old trading post), and passed through a canon one mile long.

Tuesday, August 13, drove seventeen miles. Nooned at crossing of Ross Fork. The road forks here, the left is the main road and the right goes to Fort Hall, once a United States fort but now deserted. It used to belong to the Hudson Bay Company when it occupied the country north of here and was a great trading post. We camped at night on the Portneuf River. Mosquitoes unlimited. Portneuf is a branch of the Snake River. To the left are Portneuf Mountains, a low barren range.

Wednesday, August 14, drove thirteen miles, crossed Fort Hall and Salt Lake road and Panack River on a bridge. Camped on the high bank of Snake River bottom which is three or more miles wide at this point. We were nearly opposite and perhaps five miles from the site of Fort Hall. Sage brush but little grass.

Thursday, August 15, drove fourteen miles. Nooned at a small spring where the road enters the valley. The valley grows narrower toward the American Falls where the river runs between high bluffs. Passed a big spring thirty feet in diameter, and the American Falls. The Snake River here is thirty to forty rods wide and falls about thirty feet. The falls are very fine.

Friday, August 16, drove fourteen miles. Nooned on river where a company of United States troops with eleven wagons and sixty men overtook us. It left Omaha May 15, and was sent out as an escort or guard for Oregon immigration, but was of doubtful utility. If the Indians

had cared to attack a train, they could easily do so when the troops were not within reach and get away into the mountains where no troops could find them. We camped at night on Fall Creek, a small mountain stream which for some distance falls every few rods ten or twelve feet. A sage brush country.

Saturday, August 17, drove nine miles to Raft Creek, the first crossing, and over a rough dusty road. The dust is very bad for the stock as well as unpleasant for the men. The road forks here, the left down the creek for California and the right for Oregon following the Snake River to Fort Walla Walla, five hundred miles away. We took the wrong road for three miles and had to return. I should like to go over the road again as nearly as possible as we traveled it from Casper or somewhere on the Sweetwater to Snake River, and then on north toward the Yellowstone Park, and I still hope to do so (1910). (Guess not, now 1916.)

Sunday, August 18, drove three and one-half miles to the second crossing of Raft Creek. Early in the spring when the snows are melting, this creek is said to be very deep and difficult to cross but now it is a shallow stream.

Monday, August 19, drove twelve miles to the third crossing of the creek. The road down the valley is good. High barren mountains to the left.

Tuesday, August 20, drove eighteen miles. Nooned at junction of road where Hudspedits Cut-off—a continuation of Sublettes Cut-off—via Soda Springs on Bear River Sublettes Cut-off left the old Salt Lake road, twenty miles west of South Pass. Sublettes Cut-off was a better road than the Salt Lake Road, being shorter and on it the distance across the Colorado desert was shorter, but there it was fifty miles without water and there was much less grass than on Lander's road which we had followed, and where our longest stretch without water was eighteen miles. We followed up a small creek four miles for camp. We were said now to be getting into a hostile Indian country. Occasionally we would find a tablet of some kind on which was written "Look out for Indians here; train attacked", or something of that sort. No doubt some of these were true as we found evidence at some places of conflict and remains of wagons destroyed, also later we saw some emigrants whose train was attacked and stock driven off, although no lives were lost, as robbery was the only object. We considered our train a good object for attack as we had so much stock which the Indians wanted and it would have been hard to protect it. Indeed, we had few guns and plenty of cowards. Our leader, one Blodgett, who had been across the plains and whom Patterson

engaged to lead the train, had with him his wife and child. She was the only woman in the train. Blodgett was cowardly. His duty was to ride ahead of the train towards night and select camp, but he got so scared in this country that he would never do so alone but wanted one or two with him and I usually went along. I had no more desire for Indian fighting than any one, but I never hesitated to go where it was necessary and never got scared. Knowing Blodgett's failing, two or three of us thought we would have a little fun at his expense, so it was arranged that when we rode ahead to find camp, I should get a smooth stick and write on it "Look out for Indians here; train attacked and stock driven off". I did so, dropping it near the road, and when returning to meet the train, I picked up the stick on which I had written and showed it to Blodgett. He did not recognize the handwriting and thought it genuine and was considerably alarmed. The joke, however, reacted on the jokers, as we usually made a camp fire at night, the nights being cool, and Blodgett would have no camp fire for some days after that.

Wednesday, August 21, we drove seventeen miles, a good day's drive, nooned on a small creek, and camped at night at a spring near the "City of Rocks". This "City of Rocks" is a group of rocks, some as large as big buildings, standing out on a plain. It was a fine sight.

Thursday, August 22, drove twelve miles. At four miles, Lander's Road (the one we followed from South Pass) unites with the regular emigrant road from Salt Lake and we now follow the latter for about 350 miles.

Friday, August 23, started at daybreak and drove twelve miles to Goose Creek. Found good grass and red cedar for wood.

Saturday, August 24, broke camp again at daybreak and drove thirteen miles up Goose Creek. The valley was not very wide and the country was generally rough and barren, but there was good grass in the valley. I often wonder if this country is still barren or if some of it has by irrigation become in some measure crop producing. We broke camp early in the morning along here, finding that the stock drove better to start early and drive slowly, the stock grazed as they moved along, the teams and wagons going on ahead to where camp was made.

Sunday, August 25, drove sixteen miles to Rock Springs, at four miles last crossing of Goose Creek. Nooned on top of hill at nine miles. Found bunch grass on the road but it was scarce at Rock Springs. Bunch grass, as it was called, grew in scattered bunches or large tufts on the sandy soil. It was at that season dry but very nutritious and the stock thrived on it when plenty.

Monday, August 26, drove fifteen miles and camped near a spring in Thousand Springs Valley. I presume that there are many less than a thousand springs in this valley, but there were a lot of them. Most of them had good water but some tasted strong of sulphur. There was sage brush here but not very plenty.

Tuesday, August 27, drove thirteen miles. Nooned at Deep Wells in Thousand Spring Valley and camped near some Hot Springs. Here we found grass but no wood. Deep wells are simply large springs several feet deep.

Wednesday, August 28, drove seven miles and camped on a small creek, just before reaching Cold Springs. Here was good grass, water, and sage for fuel, three very necessary articles for an emigrant train.

Thursday, August 29, drove eleven miles to Humboldt Wells. Today we crossed the dividing ridge. We had been on small streams which flowed north into Snake River. Now the waters flowed south. There was considerable alkali in the country lately traversed and the dust and water was bad for the stock.

Friday, August 30, made a short drive of eight miles. Good grass but bad water.

Saturday, August 31, drove fourteen miles and camped on Humboldt Slough, so-called, a stream of dead water impregnated with alkali. One description will cover the whole extent of this section, with the exception of the narrow valleys of small streams. It is a rough barren country with more or less sage brush and some bunch grass in the sage. There had been a large amount of rough road since leaving Salt River Valley.

Sunday, September 1, drove six miles and here we strike the North Fork of the Humboldt River, where we find good grass and fair water in the river and much better roads.

Monday, September 2, drove fourteen miles down the river.

Tuesday, September 3, drove fourteen miles, crossing three benches or ridges that came down to the river. Good grass, some of it very tall and wiry almost like rye straw. Willows grow along the river.

Wednesday, September 4, drove fifteen miles and camped near the crossing of the river near Fremont's Canon. Here we saw a number of Indians but they were peaceable.

Thursday, September 5, drove eleven miles, four miles of it through Fremont's Canon. Camped in the bend of the river on Maggie Creek. I do not remember whether the names of these creeks and canons have been retained to the present date (1918) but presume many bear the same names.

Friday, September 6, we did not start until three p. m. in order to cover a seventeen mile stretch without water, which could be done best over night. We camped on top of a hill where there was good bunch grass. Drove nine miles. It may be asked how we knew about streams, stretches without water, etc. We had with us a book describing the route, giving names of streams, distances apart, probable grass and fuel supply. Therefore, we knew where these long distance drives without water occurred.

Saturday, September 7, we started at daybreak and drove ten miles to Gravelly Ford on the Humboldt River. The road was rough and grass scarce as most of the immigration was ahead of us and the grass had been eaten off at the good camping places.

Sunday, September 8, drove fourteen miles. Nooned on the river after crossing hills and camped after crossing another "bench"; road very dusty. Considering the roads we have been making good progress—eleven to fifteen miles a day for some time.

Monday, September 9, drove thirteen miles along the river. Nothing to change the monotony.

Tuesday, September 10, drove thirteen miles. Nooned at Stony Point. The road for a few miles leaves the river.

Wednesday, September 11, drove eight miles.

Thursday, September 12, drove twelve miles. There is much alkali along here. In some places where the water has stood in low places and evaporated, it leaves quite a crust of alkali. We were still following the Humboldt River. The same barren (except along the river) country over which we had traveled since striking the river.

Friday, September 13, drove fourteen miles and camped at night near the foot of the Pah Utah Hills. Found alkali all along the road. The sloughs are alkali and, in many places, the alkali shows quite a crust. The river has not much alkali.

Saturday, September 14, drove fourteen miles, crossed hills. Fair grass here but wood scarce.

Sunday, September 15, drove eleven miles. We were now driving Sundays. One reason is that we found when we rested the stock on Sunday, they did not drive as well on Monday; second, we were anxious to get across the desert and over the summit of the Sierras. At night camped at Tufts Meadows.

Monday, September 16, drove ten miles. Sandy road, good grass. The grass in Tufts Meadows was tall and coarse and not as palatable as the short grass but it was plenty.

Tuesday, September 17, drove twelve miles. Nooned at seven miles. Sandy road, grass poor, river bottom covered with willows.

Wednesday, September 18, made a long drive of sixteen miles, a long stretch over bluff road side barren and desolate. There was said to be some silver mines not far distant from here but did not see any.

Thursday, September 19, drove seven miles to Lassens Meadows but found little grass. Emigration ahead of us had used it up. From here the old emigrant road follows the Humboldt further down to where the river sinks and disappears in the desert, then crosses over the desert to the Sierras and over to Sacramento via Placerville—the overland stage followed this road. It was thought that with our stock train, the desert crossing would be shorter and more water would be found by leaving the river here and make for Susan River, going somewhat in a northwesterly direction to Honey Lake Valley.

Friday, September 20, laid over to rest stock. At midnight made a start to cross the desert. It was seventy-five miles with little grass, and water springs or holes twelve to twenty miles apart, some of the springs hot and sulphurous. There was a little grass at each of the water holes but how our stock subsisted on what we found during this week on the desert was a mystery. It did suffer much, the sheep more than the cattle. We made our drives mostly at night and had not much rest for ourselves during the day. The road was fairly good. The desert looked like the bed of a lake where the water had all evaporated.

At midnight on Friday, we started and drove fifteen miles to Antelope Springs where there was very good water and a little bunch of grass.

Saturday, September 21, drove six miles and camped on the desert without water.

Sunday, September 22, in the early morning, we pushed on eleven miles to Rabbit Hole Springs, where the water was fair and there was some grass. Sunday night the teams and cattle drove all night and reached Hot Springs, a distance of twenty miles. The sheep stopped at ten miles and camped on the desert. At Hot Springs, the water came out from the flowing springs almost boiling hot, but many of the streams cooled so as to be useable but had a sulphur taste. A little coarse grass and other vegetation grew along this stream until it was absorbed in the desert, but the grass furnished very little subsistence for the stock.

Monday, September 23, the teams and cattle drove to Granite Springs, a distance of twelve miles, and the sheep came on to Hot Springs and at night, the sheep came on to Granite Springs. Still no grass but water a little better.

Tuesday, September 24, teams and cattle drove to Deep Hole Spring, and the sheep came on at night. This was one large spring about



twenty feet in diameter, the water standing at the surface of the ground. It was very deep and we had no rope or line that would reach the bottom. The water was pretty good or seemed so after what we had been having. We were now across the desert proper although grass was still scarce. Our teams and stock were very tired and we lay over a day to rest. We were near high hills and we took the horses up through a narrow ravine three or four miles where we found pretty good bunch grass on a rocky plain. Four men went up with the horses to remain over night. I was one. We let all the horses loose, intending to watch them, standing guard alternately but we were so tired out that we all fell asleep, lying on a flat rock and did not waken until daylight, having slept on the bare stone with nothing to soften it but a blanket. When we woke, there was not a horse in sight and we were somewhat disturbed, but soon found all of them. There was no danger of their straying far, but there was said to be some roving bands of Indians in these hills. As the horse herd was intact, we four agreed not to expose our negligence in sleeping on duty. As there was some grass near here, we lay over Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, September 25 to 28 inclusive, to rest. Through the carelessness of the sheep herders, quite a number of sheep had been missed somewhere between Granite and Deep Hole Springs and we tried to look them up. I went back and found a few. Not far from Deep Hole Springs on the edge of the desert is a cluster of hot springs, some of them twenty or more feet in diameter, in which the water was very hot, almost boiling, with steam rising from them. The water stood just at the surface of the surrounding ground and was very clear. A fine sight and novel to the Easterner.

Sunday, September 29, we drove six miles to Wall Spring and in the afternoon six miles farther to a dry camp.

Monday, September 30, drove twenty miles to Smoke Creek. Nooned at Buffalo Springs. I had a shepherd (collie) dog that I brought from Michigan. He was a fine dog and had been very useful in rounding up the sheep when starting in the morning or when they were scattered when grazing. He had become foot sore, however, and after starting the sheep, he had for several days been put in a wagon. I did not drive the sheep and the care of the dog was left with the men who did drive them. At Buffalo Springs at noon, it was found that the sheep drivers had neglected to put the dog in a wagon so he had not come on with the train. We had driven ten or twelve miles that forenoon. I went back alone to find Mr. Dog. He was still where we camped over night. It was getting toward night. The train had gone on to reach Smoke Creek, hence it was twenty miles to where I



would find the train. I reached the noon camp by daylight, but as I had to carry the dog in front on the horse, I could not go very fast, and after dark I had to carry him all the time or I might lose him as he would not travel very far with his tender feet. It was a lonely ride but I had a good horse and made camp at midnight.

Tuesday, October 1, drove four miles to Rush Valley. We were getting fairly good grass now. We had made twenty miles Monday so made this short drive to rest the stock.

Wednesday, October 2, drove twelve miles to a "dry camp." Nooned at Mud Springs.

Thursday, October 3, drove sixteen long weary miles and camped on Susan River.

Friday, October 4, drove thirteen miles up Susan River. At noon, I found that my dog had again been left or had gone back somewhere and I started back after him. I went back fifteen miles to a ranch or station we had passed but could not find him. He may have gone farther or the rancher may have hidden him. I could not know and decided to give it up as I was not prepared for an extended trip alone, although we were in what was called a friendly Indian country. I was very much disappointed in the loss of my dog. On my way back, an Indian came along mounted on a pony and carrying a gun. I had only a revolver. He acted friendly but after riding along for a mile or more, he suddenly darted off on a trail and I saw no more of him. I also made good time for a mile or more as I did not know but that I might be ambushed. I had a hard ride that day, and harder for my horse as I rode at least fifty miles and was fifteen miles from the train at dark. It was quite a dark night and I had difficulty in keeping the road as there were occasionally side trails leading away from the main trail, which in daylight would have given no trouble. Once or twice I was about to give up and tie up for the night but I kept on. The boys agreed to hang up a lantern but I saw other lights at a distance. Finally at midnight I reached camp, which was Johnson's ranch and not far from the town of Susanville in Honey Lake Valley. With the exception of a ranch or two west of the desert, we had seen but few white men since leaving South Pass. A band of prospectors in the southern part of Idaho, some Mormons gathering soda, a company of soldiers on the Oregon trail, and a few prospectors of late who were going to Montana. At Susanville, we bought a fat cow and had a feast of fresh beef. We had lived on bacon, flour, beans, and dried apples and rice since May 8 except one antelope, a few sage hens, and a very few fish. However, we were in good health and very hardy.

One item I have omitted. Back on the headwaters of the Humboldt,

our head cook and three others deserted the train, took blankets and a small supply of provisions with them. We did not hear from them again. They doubtless got in with some other train. A few emigrant trains were attacked by Indians that season. We saw the remains of wagons at one or two camps which had been burned after driving off the people and robbing the supplies, but did not hear of the killing of any people. We were never molested although we would have been an easy mark. While we had a man train (but one woman, Mrs. Blodgett) we were not well armed and we could not have held our cattle and sheep through an attack and I have often thought it was strange that Indians or outlaws did not get after us.

Saturday, October 5, lay over getting ready to cross the Sierras. We had for a month been apprehensive about getting over the mountains before snow fell, as it often does quite early in the fall, and had it begun to fall, we would have been at a stand still with our stock. The Sierras are difficult to cross. The ascent on the east side is very steep and much of the way is heavy timber. We began going up hill soon after leaving Susanville and it was a continual up grade for twenty-five miles.

Sunday, October 6, we had lost all thought of Sunday rest long before this. We drove eleven miles all the way up hill. Some very steep and winding hill road into a small valley called "Devil's Corral," and it was well named. It was easy to get in if there were brakes on the wagons, but hard to get out. One of the meanest camps we ever had.

Monday, October 7, we got out of Devil's Corral and drove eight miles where we found a nice mountain meadow with grass and good water, plenty of fine timber along the road, pine and spruce. Some of the pines were seven and eight feet in diameter.

Tuesday, October 8, drove fifteen miles to Big Meadows on north fork of Yuba River. During this day, we had gotten over the summit and were on the headwaters of the streams running to the Pacific. There was good grass here and our stock was pretty well drilled out with the mountain climb. We felt safe now from the snow and lay over in camp until Sunday, October 13, to recruit. It was a beautiful valley with the finest water and, no doubt, in later years has become a fine mountain ranch.

Sunday, October 13, drove eight miles to Conner's ranch. We now found ranches and settlers. Road down hill mostly, but much of it rough.

Monday, October 14, drove ten miles to Humbug, a small mining town. In the evening, some of us went into the town and while there,

we heard small boys calling out "emigrants on the hill" as though it was something new to them.

Tuesday, October 15, twelve miles to a ranch.

Wednesday, October 16, twelve miles to Inskip, a small town.

Thursday, October 17, thirteen miles to Lovelocks.

Friday, October 18, drove twelve miles to Carpenter's ranch, passing Dogtown. Humbug, Inskip, and Dogtown were samples of the curious names given to towns in the early days of California. Some of them still cling, others have been changed.

Saturday, October 19, drove sixteen miles to Taintor's ranch in the valley on Butte Creek.

Sunday, October 20, drove fourteen miles to Moore's ranch on Feather River. We were now in a wide valley. No rains had yet fallen and the road was deep with dust. Our stock suffered badly.

Monday, October 21, drove twelve miles to Dickerman's ranch.

Tuesday, October 22 and Wednesday, October 23, lay over. Stock very tired.

Thursday, October 24, drove eleven miles to Yuba City, opposite Marysville.

Friday, October 25, drove fourteen miles to a ranch on the River.

Saturday, October 26, four miles to Hammond's ranch and crossed the river on a ferry.

Sunday, October 27, drove eleven miles to Twelve Mile House. There was no grass after we got in the Sacramento Valley and we had to feed hay.

Monday, October 28, drove twelve miles to Sacramento. Camped on the American River opposite the city. This was called the end of our trip. On Tuesday, the cattle and a few horses were taken to Tilly's ranch six miles out of Sacramento on the Stockton Road to winter and the sheep and most of the horses went to Patterson's ranch at Oakland. I remained with the cattle and boarded with George Tilly, sleeping in a vacant house near where the cattle were kept. Had shelter for the horses and bulls but the cows and young cattle had to live outdoors. They had plenty of oats and hay but there was much cold rain, and the cows being thin in flesh, some of them could not stand the strain and a few died, before spring. The sheep were taken to Oakland by boat and the teams went overland via Stockton.

I never saw Blodgett, the train leader, again. John Fisher, a Detroit boy that I knew before leaving on the trip, stayed at Tilly's and worked for him on the ranch nearly a year.

During the winter, I took some of the cattle to a ranch near Tilly's owned by C. S. Lowell, a Michigan man, and boarded there for a time.

About July, 1862, I took the stock to Allen's ranch, some nine miles from Sacramento, on the lower Stockton road, remaining there until December when the stock was all taken to Holden's ranch near Stockton.

During the winter of 1861-62, there were very heavy rains in California. The rivers coming from the mountains were very high and there were heavy floods in the valleys. Sacramento is located at the junction of Sacramento and American Rivers. The city was protected by a levee which extended down the river some miles. But the waters rose above the levee and inundated the city. All the city was under water from two to ten feet except a small portion of one street. In the best residence portion, the water rose to two or three feet above the first floors. There was much sand and mud deposited in the buildings and many lots and streets were filled with sand when the waters receded. Farms along the river were also covered with water and badly injured by the sand left on them. John G. McNeill, my mother's brother, lived in Sacramento at that time and I used to go into the city frequently. He and his wife were both very kind to me and this helped me from getting very lonesome. This winter, or rather rainy season, was a dreary one, so heavy and continued were the rains.

The country south of Sacramento for several miles was then occupied by moderately small farms or "ranches," as all farms were called in that section. Orchards and vineyards were started and in the summer, the country looked prosperous.

Irrigation was practiced for orchards and gardens, the water coming from driven wells which were easily made. Wheat, barley and hay were the general farm crops, there being a good demand for the latter owing to the great number of freight teams used in hauling supplies to the mountain towns. These freight teams were made up of ten to fourteen horses or mules attached to two heavy wagons for the freight with a third and smaller wagon behind for carrying feed for the teams. These big teams were driven by one man with a single line to the leading team, the driver usually riding the near wheel horse and they were handled with great skill. At that time, 1862, the only railroad in California was a short line, twenty-five miles, running from Sacramento to Folsom, but the building of the Central Pacific or Union Pacific was begun in that year. All traffic was by water or overland.

I remained on the Holden ranch near Stockton during 1863 until about October first. Mr. Patterson, about that time, sold the cattle to a Mr. Overheiser and Dr. Holden, the latter having the Devons, and I went down to the Patterson ranch near Oakland. The cattle business had become very uncertain and although there was some interest in purebred cattle, the demand was light and prices low. I do not re-

member the exact financial outcome of the expedition but I am sure that the cattle end on the whole was a loss. The sheep were better.

I remained at the ranch near Oakland for six weeks and being anxious to return to Michigan, I left San Francisco by steamer late in November. Just previous to leaving, I rode on horseback to Sacramento via Stockton, going through the hills and Livermore Valley, and returning the same way. The round trip was over 250 miles. At that time, surveys had been made from Oakland around through Livermore Valley to Stockton for a railroad and I remember seeing the grade stakes. The country to the south of the mouths of the Sacramento and San Joaquin Rivers was low and overflowed most of the time, called tule land. It has since been reclaimed by a system of levees and is very productive.

November 25, 1863, I left San Francisco for home via the Isthmus on the steamer *St. Louis*. The ship left dock at ten a. m. and was soon out of the Golden Gate. The sea was smooth but there were great swells that produced a peculiar motion of the ship that was conducive to seasickness. That noon I had no appetite for dinner but I was not seasick and had no more of that feeling until, when crossing the Gulf of Tehamtepec, I again missed a dinner. We stopped at Acapulco for a few hours and again at Mazatlan. We reached the Bay of Panama December 9, early in the morning, fourteen days from San Francisco, and by noon, we were landed on the docks at the railroad terminal, where we took a train for Aspinwall on the Atlantic side. It was very warm and sultry. We reached Aspinwall early in the afternoon, having had no dinner. We had to wait until the baggage was transferred before we could go on the steamer and when we did, there was a great rush for staterooms and berths and we had to take them as they were handed out to us. I was in a second cabin and had very pleasant partners on the *St. Louis*, but on this side on the steamer *Baltic*, we could not get the same assignments and it was not so pleasant. We had to get our dinner on the docks, and being hungry, had a hearty dinner. We finally got aboard and the *Baltic* steamed out at ten o'clock p. m.

It was very rough out on the Carribean Sea and morning found us tossed on big waves with half the passengers more or less seasick. I was one and that dinner on shore lasted me three days. It was rough seas until we rounded the western end of Cuba, where we were in sight of land. It was fairly smooth then until we reached Key West where the ship put in for coal. Here we went on land, got our heads and stomachs clear. It was smooth sea until we round the south cape of Florida when we struck a violent storm that rocked the old ship badly. For two days, she was not on even keel for a moment, but

plunging and rolling all the time. A lot of the passengers were seasick, but I was not and never have been since, although I have been on the ocean and lake several trips. When off Cape Hatteras, the wind died down. We had sailed so slowly during the storm that the coal was again low and the captain took her into Fortress Monroe for coal. Here some of the passengers left the ship and went by rail the rest of their journey. We had good sailing to New York but it began to feel cold and was winter when we reached there. There were 800 passengers on a not very large ship and we were badly crowded. We had pretty good fare but were glad to get on land again.

I stayed in New York a few days seeing the city and then started for Michigan, stopping first at Westfield to visit George W. Patterson, Jr., and where I went to school the winter of 1858-9. This was also J. D. Patterson's home at that time. I left Westfield December 30 expecting to reach Detroit the next day but a big snowstorm and cold held the train so I got no farther than Cleveland that night, and was all next day on the way to Detroit. December 31 was mild at Detroit but dropped to thirty degrees below zero by morning of New Year's day and everything and everybody was frozen up. It was a great change from the mild climate of California and I felt it for many weeks. I had been gone two years and nine months and had seen considerable of the world for that time.

## LITTLE JOURNEYS IN JOURNALISM

(Recollections of Some Prominent Members of the Free Press Staff)

By EDWARD G. HOLDEN

TRYON, N. C.

THREE men on the *Free Press* staff were the immediate source of its popular success and consequent money making power.

First was C. B. Lewis, a reporter with so little skill and talent that Mr. Quinby was constantly urging him to better work. Suddenly one day he handed in a few sheets with the remark "Maybe that will suit you". With keen editorial eye Mr. Quinby saw its value as a "feature" of his paper, called Lewis off from his reportorial work, and assigned him to the job of contributing his "skit" seven days in the week.

It was the first of the twenty years series called the "Lime Kiln Club" by M. Quad. This name Lewis took from the square shank of the letter M. used before the invention of the lin-o-type as a measure of a line of type when set up in the "stick" which held about ten lines and was adjusted to different widths of newspaper columns.

The "Lime Kiln Club" purported to be the discussions of a group of colored men with odd names like "Give-a-dam-Jones," etc., of various local types. Its dialect was not of the genuine Southern negro but near enough to that of the Northern to make it interesting and amusing. It soon acquired for its author and the *Free Press* a national reputation. Daily for a score of years it appeared as regularly as the paper itself.

Offers of positions on other papers began coming in, resulting in constant increases in the author's salary, until it reached \$10,000 a year. One curious phase of Lewis's talent was that it was his only gift. His speech lacked humor; he was not a joker or a story-teller. He was outside of his



specialty a somewhat dull and commonplace person. Outside of the *Free Press* office, he had few acquaintances and these were not notable for originality or cultivation. His reading consisted chiefly of the newspapers and detective stories. He resorted for recreation and amusement to the invention of original dances. He built on the top story of his house a dancing hall in which he taught, without charge, his new dances to invited guests.

He was not a specially agreeable or popular person among his co-workers or other newspaper men, of whom he knew intimately very few. He never boasted of his work, except by twitting his fellows on the *Free Press* of the smallness of their salaries compared with his own.

The second of the *Free Press* financial promoters was George P. Goodale, first as reporter, then as city editor, and finally as a procurer for the *Free Press* job room of the theatrical printing of several New York managers. He made annual spring visits to that city and returned with several remunerative contracts. He thus turned an unusual, pleasant, merry hearted, persuasive personality into considerable cash for the *Free Press* Company's bank account of which he received a fair percentage as a reward.

Robert Barr was the third of this distinguished trio. He wrote under the pen name of "Luke Sharp". Canadian born and well educated, his humor had many American characteristics,—exaggeration, extravagant contrasts in speech and action, unexpected turns and twists of phrase and subject, and sudden changes from apparent seriousness to absurd conclusions. Many readers liked his contributions better than they did Lewis's though the latter had the greater number.

Robert Barr favored, if he did not originate, the English edition of the *Free Press* and he was sent to London to organize the publication. It attained, considering everything, a large circulation, but by no means the extent of its American original.

Barr himself became well known among many prominent Englishmen of that day and was welcomed to some of the best intellectual and social circles.

He was personally brave, audacious and impulsive and naturally fond of adventure. His varied experiences and his active imagination were the basis of the plots for many romantic novels written at this period. These books were popular in England appearing under his own name, the "Luke Sharp" having been abandoned with the special writing for the *Free Press*. He lived perhaps twenty years of this new and interesting life. His son and daughter became thoroughly English and are as far as I know still alive and active.

Absence in Europe and the Adirondacks in the summer of 1872, prevented my knowing the details of the sudden change in the management of the *Detroit Free Press*.

Subsequently, Mr. William E. Quinby, one of its owners, told me of the cause and circumstances which brought the change about.

Mr. Quinby joined the *Free Press* staff, as a reporter, soon after his graduation from the University of Michigan in 1858. His ability gave him rapid promotion and he began to buy small quantities of its stock. Ten years after, he acquired from Mr. E. S. Walker on his retirement enough more stock to give him nearly or quite one-half of the ownership of the paper. The other half was held by Mr. Walker's relative Mr. Norval.

In 1872, the Democratic party was unable to nominate any Democrat who had a chance of defeating President U. S. Grant for a second term. Mr. Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune and some of his friends nominated him as Grant's opponent. Greeley had been opposed to Grant's nomination in 1868 on the grounds that Grant was solely a soldier without civilian experience. He had severely criticised Grant's subsequent administration because of his appointment of so many corrupt or incompetent officials. Although for twenty-

five years Greeley had been an able, violent and bitter enemy of the Democratic party, its leaders now thought that he would, as Grant's political rival, be the only nominee likely to defeat him. Their convention ratified Greeley's independent nomination.

This solution of their dilemma only increased their embarrassment. A minority loudly repudiated the nomination and quite a number of their newspapers refused or threatened to refuse support of the party candidate.

Among these newspaper proprietors was Mr. Norval. Mr. Quinby, who as a young man, had been a Republican took alarm. He believed that the *Free Press* would lose prestige among the steadfast loyal and intelligent followers and leaders of the Democrat party should it prove disloyal to the party's official action. And also it would lose the party's confidence in subsequent elections. In his opinion, the party could better afford to support the absurd nomination of Mr. Greeley than to go to pieces over such an issue. He had also heard threats that influential Democrats were talking of establishing a loyal rival to the *Free Press* in case of its faithlessness to the party. Mr. Norval however, was equally determined to place the paper in direct opposition to Greeley's candidacy. In this deadlock, he proposed that Mr. Quinby should either buy his interest in the paper or sell his own to him.

Mr. Quinby did not see his way to commanding sufficient resources quickly enough to effect the purchase for himself. He happened to know that an old Maine friend, Mr. A. G. Boynton, a member of the Detroit bar and judge of the police court, was anxious to exchange the legal profession for editorial writing on a newspaper. Mr. Quinby would have preferred to secure the funds and assistance of an experienced newspaper man but the time was too brief for any choice. Mr. Boynton was not quite ready to take the steps necessary to conclude the negotiations and Mr. Quinby was therefore kept in painful suspense. He described his feelings while coming down from

the editorial floor to the darkness and coolness of Griswold Street below Jefferson Avenue. He recalled the toil, ardor and hope that had made him part proprietor of a valuable property and now found himself facing the prospect of its being swept from his grasp in a few days. However, he went home to sleep cheered by the hope that the Boynton deal would soon materialize.

This proved to be the case. Greeley was defeated, Grant elected, and Mr. Quinby lived to see his paper abundantly prosper. As a humorous sheet, made famous by the fun of M. Quad and Luke Sharp, it became one of the popular entertainers of the time. He always congratulated himself that he was thus able not only to save it from wreckage but to bring it into port under full sail, laden with well earned wealth.

"TAXATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION": AN  
ECHO OF JULY 4, 1776

BY WILLIAM RENWICK RIDDELL, LL.D.

(Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario)

TORONTO

IT was argued before the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of Ontario—*quorum pars fui*—that "taxation without representation is unconstitutional": the Court—*me loquente*—said "this maxim is profoundly true.....but we must carefully distinguish the meaning of the word 'unconstitutional' in British and in American usage. In our usage that is unconstitutional which is opposed to the principles, more or less vaguely and generally stated, upon which we think the people should be governed; in the American sense, it is that which transgresses the written document called the 'Constitution'. With us anything unconstitutional is wrong, though it may be legal; with them it is illegal though it may be right. Accordingly to say that a measure is 'unconstitutional' does not with us indicate anything as to its legality"<sup>1</sup>

As it is elsewhere put: "No one doubts that if the Electoral College in 1912 had elected Mr. Taft, the election would have been legal and 'constitutional' in the United States sense, but it would have been 'unconstitutional' in the Canadian (British) sense. 'It isn't done.'"<sup>2</sup>

For more than four centuries the principle was deeply embedded in the constitution of England that no tax should be levied on the people without their consent given through their representatives; and for more than half a century the American colonies had been urging this principle on the governing body at Westminster before the determination was finally taken to enforce it by arms in independence.

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<sup>1</sup>*Bell versus Town of Burlington* (1915) 34 Ont. Law Reports, 619, at p. 622.

<sup>2</sup>Blumenthal Lectures (1923), Columbia University, p. 7.

The principle was, perhaps, insisted upon in these colonies not to obtain representation, but to avoid taxation. A presentation of the same principle, but with the opposite intention—to obtain representation, not to avoid taxation—was made in Detroit nearly twenty years after the Declaration of Independence.

This hitherto unknown incident appears from a document recently unearthed by the archivist of the Province of Ontario.

To understand it fully requires a little excursion into the early history of this Province. The well-known Quebec Act (1774), 14 George III, c. 83, brought into the Province of Quebec the vast expanse of British territory as far south as the Ohio and as far west as the Mississippi, including the present State of Michigan. When by the Treaty of Paris, 1783, the independence of the United States was acknowledged, and what had been British territory in North America was divided, the new nation was allotted all to the right of the middle line of the Great Lakes and connecting rivers. But Great Britain retained possession of what is now Michigan (and other territory), giving as the reason that the United States had not implemented the agreement of Article IV of the Treaty "that creditors on either side shall meet with no lawful impediment to recovery...of all bona fide debts...."

When in 1791 the enormous Province of Quebec created by the Quebec Act was divided into two Provinces, the Province of Upper Canada and the Province of Lower Canada, the former took in, *de facto*, Michigan (as well as part of the territory east of the Niagara River).

The Canada, or Constitutional, Act (1791), 31 George III, c. 31, which provided for the government of the two new Provinces, directed that there should be in each a legislature of two houses, the Legislative Council appointed by the Crown, and the Legislative Assembly elected from time to time by the people. The governor or lieutenant-governor was to divide the Province into counties, etc., and allot the representatives.

For Upper Canada there were not fewer than sixteen representatives.

Colonel John Graves Simcoe, the first lieutenant-governor of Upper Canada, by his proclamation at Kingston, on July 16, 1792, divided the Province into nineteen counties, of which the seventeenth and eighteenth were the counties of Suffolk and Essex, on the north shore of Lake Erie, Suffolk (now no longer in existence) being east of Essex. He did not venture beyond the line of the Treaty of Paris, and form a county or part of a county beyond the river. He gave the following geographical description:

That the eighteenth of the said counties be hereafter called by the name of the county of Essex; which county is to be bounded on the east by the county of Suffolk, on the south by Lake Erie, on the west by the river Detroit to Maisenville's Mill, from thence by a line running parallel to the river Detroit and Lake St. Clair, at the distance of four miles, until it meets the river La Tranche or Thames, thence up the said river to the northwest boundary of the county of Suffolk.

Essex and Suffolk were to have a member of the House of Assembly: but no one west of the Detroit River was in any constituency or had a vote. *Hinc illae lacrymae.*

But Michigan was in Upper Canada. While Secretary Dundas doubted the expediency of settling strangers at Detroit when there was a doubt of its being really British territory, he repudiated the idea that the settlers in that district were not beyond any doubt subject to the laws of the Province<sup>3</sup> and Simcoe was indignant that the contrary should have even been suggested.<sup>4</sup>

Lord Dorchester had in 1788 divided the territory into four districts, of which the most western, the district of Hesse, contained Michigan *de facto*: the name of the district of Hesse was

<sup>3</sup>See his dispatch to Simcoe, October 2, 1793; Canadian Archives, Q. 279, I, p. 251.

<sup>4</sup>Simcoe's dispatch to Dundas, February 28, 1794; Canadian Archives, Q. 280, 1, p. 106.



changed to the Western district in the first session of the first parliament of Upper Canada by the Act (1792),<sup>5</sup> the position of Michigan remaining in law and in fact unchanged.

In each district there were not only courts but also a gaol, and the same Act directed that a gaol and court-house should be erected in each District, that for the Western District "as near the present court-house as conveniently may be" (*i.e.*, in L'Assomption, now Sandwich, Ontario). These were to be built by the justices of the peace of the District meeting in the court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace. The statute of the following year (1793),<sup>6</sup> authorized the levying of rates, *inter alia*, "to make provision for defraying the expenses of building a court-house and gaol".

The property owners west of the Detroit and St. Clair Rivers were not exempt. The court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace met four times a year for the trial of non-capital crimes; the judges were such of the justices of the peace as attended with an elected chairman; the trials were by a petit jury after a true bill found by a grand jury, generally composed of men of standing in the community.

By the Act of (1793)<sup>7</sup> the court of General Quarter Sessions of the Peace for the Western District was to be holden in the town of Detroit on the second Tuesday of January, April, July and October. At the court held in Detroit in April, 1795, the grand jury made a presentment which is the occasion of this paper.

According to English practice the grand jury have the right to state to the court and through the court to the administration any facts and make recommendations in respect of matters of importance to the public welfare. We Canadian judges, generally, warn the grand jury not to include in their presentment anything of a political nature, and if anything of

<sup>5</sup>32 George III, c. 8 (U.C.).

<sup>6</sup>33 George III, c. 3 (U. C.).

<sup>7</sup>33 George III, c. 6 (U.C.).

the kind should appear we should refuse to accept it. In the past, however, the rule was not so strictly adhered to, instances being known of judges receiving flagrantly partisan addresses. With the following, little fault can be found :

PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA  
WESTERN DISTRICT

THE GRAND JURORS for our Sovereign  
LORD THE KING, PRESENT

THAT, sundry Sums of Money under the denomination of Court Fees have from time to time been Exacted, and Paid by Persons, Prosecuting for the recovery of Debts, &ca, in his Majestys Court of Common Pleas, for the Western District, formerly the district of Hesse, Which sums of Money so Collected Accumulated and Deposited, in the hands of the First Judge (William Dummer Powell, Esquire) of said Court, towards defraying the Expenses of Erecting and Building Court Houses, Prisons, &ca within the aforesaid District.

THAT, in Consideration of the inability of the Inhabitants of this Country to support the Necessary Expenditures established by Law, They urge the necessity; That immediate application be made by the Worshipful Bench, to the Executive Officer of the Crown, in Order that the Public Property so Deposited, may be refunded, and applied to the purposes aforesaid.

THAT it is Consistent with the Law and Liberty of all his Majestys Subjects; That no Subject can be Constrained to Pay any Aids or Taxes even for the Defence of the Realm, or the support of Government, but such as are imposed by his own consent, or by that of His Representatives in Parliament. And Whereas The Inhabitants of the Rivers Sinclair, Raison & Huron, are actually or should be Assessed, or Taxed, as Others his Majestys Liege Subjects within the Province of Upper Canada: They should also be equally entitled to a free Representation, Which They have heretofore, not been considered as entitled to, from and on Account, of the Line of Limitation, and the Tenor on which they hold Their Lands—They therefore recommend to the Worshipful Bench, The propriety and absolute necessity, of easing the minds of such his Majesty's Subjects, residing at the above Mentioned Places, by adopting such Measures as to entitle Them to such Privileges

and Immunities as all other his Majesty's Subjects enjoy and boast of, as Their Inherent right.

Jury Room, Detroit,

(signed)

Day of April, 1795

I. SCHIEFFELIN  
JAMES THOMPSON  
JACOB HASEN  
JAS. McDONNELL  
WM. SHEPHERD  
J. BTE BABY  
WM. HANDS  
ANTOINE LABADIE  
JOSEPH RIGET  
JOHN MCGREGOR  
JAS. FRASER  
JEAN BTE CICOT  
JOHN MARTIN

A true Copy of the Original  
filed on Record in the office of

W. ROWE, Clk. Pe. & Sess.<sup>8</sup>

W. D.

For the complete understanding of this, it should be said that in this District, as in the other three Districts, there was from 1788 to 1794 a court of common pleas with full civil jurisdiction: of the court in this District the first and only judge was William Dummer Powell, a Boston Loyalist, afterwards chief justice of Upper Canada.

Though the grand jurors may not have known it, representation had already been provided for the dissatisfied Michigan tax-payers. Jay's Treaty was concluded in November, 1794, although ratification was not exchanged until October, 1795. The United States agreed to pay the debts, and Great Britain

<sup>8</sup>As bearing upon the suggestion that in the American Colonies the principle that taxation without representation was unconstitutional was insisted upon rather to avoid taxation may be cited the Circular of the Assembly of the Province of Massachusetts Bay sent to the speakers of the Assemblies of the other Colonies. Admitting "That His Mat'y's high Court of Parliament is the supreme legislative power over the whole Empire," still Massachusetts contended for the principle "No Taxation without Representation." But by reason of the difficulty of representation 1,000 leagues away "this House thinks that a taxation of their constituents even without their consent grievous as it is, would be preferable to any Representation that could be admitted for them there." This Circular was received in Pennsylvania and produced, February 11, 1768. 4 *Pennsylvania Archives*, 286.

to surrender the territory. By August, 1796, the transfer of possession was complete: those who so chose could remain in Michigan, and becoming American citizens could vote as such, while those who desired to live under the Old Flag could pass over the river and vote as Canadians.

But "Taxation without representation is tyranny."

## MICHIGAN STATE ARCHEOLOGICAL SURVEY

BY EDW. J. STEVENS

KALAMAZOO

THE beginning of a systematic effort to take inventory of the archeological features and material of Michigan is of comparative recent date.

The foundation on which the present survey is being taken is based, more or less, on what little research work had previously been done. Henry R. Schoolcraft gave us some valuable information on physical features, but the greater part of his works are devoted to the customs, etc., of the historic Indian. Bela Hubbard of Detroit, at an early date, collected and recorded much information, mostly in the eastern part of the State. Whittlesey left us most of what is known of the pre-historic copper mines of Isle Royale and the mainland of the Northern Peninsula; Dwight L. Coffinbury of Grand Rapids made archeological investigations over a long life as a Civil Engineer working in various parts of the State; several gentlemen from Kalamazoo, at an early date, surveyed and described the garden beds of that locality and the Bureau of Ethnology has, at various times, prepared articles and maps on the subject; but it was not until about 25 or 30 years ago, that Harlan I. Smith commenced a serious study of conditions in this State. In 1901 he prepared an article for the *American Museum Journal* in which he described "The Culture of the people once inhabiting a limited area near Saginaw, Michigan." The material collected in this study, was deposited in the Anthropological Department of the American Museum of Natural History. In this article he presented an archeological map of the prehistoric works as prepared by the Bureau of Ethnology. This delineated mounds, enclosures, cemeteries and unidentified antiquities. He also, at this time, prepared a map of the archeological features of the Saginaw Valley Dis-

district, also gave a detailed description of 39 sites in this district, later in 1911, and appearing in *Michigan Geological and Biological Survey, Publication 10, Biological Series 3*, he presented "Memoranda Towards a Bibliography of the Archeology of Michigan." The various Smithsonian Reports give us detached articles, and by searching through the Historical Collections of Michigan and Wisconsin, one finds much information of value.

Briefly this is the groundwork on which the recent effort in Michigan is being done.

During the year 1923 Dr. W. B. Hinsdale of the University of Michigan, was appointed Custodian of Michigan Archeology, and "thereby hangs a tale", of the beginning of the present work along archeological lines. Now it seems that when the Department of Homeopathic Medicine was abandoned at that University, the Regents created the Department of Michigan Archeology at its museums, and placed Dr. Hinsdale at the head of it. Perhaps they "builded better than they knew", for Dr. Hinsdale, instead of sitting tight and "accepting the Universe", as is usual in such cases, put on an intensive campaign of newspaper publicity, travelled over the State getting acquainted with facts, conditions and persons, and the result was that he was soon on the receiving end of a very large correspondence.

Through this publicity, the writer went to Ann Arbor and visited Dr. Hinsdale, as he had previously prepared an archeological map of Kalamazoo County, from information found in the U. S. Government Survey Books, and in the field as a Civil Engineer, and wanted to know something more about archeology.

Dr. Hinsdale's arguments, relative to preserving the antiquities of Michigan, were so convincing that the writer became then and there "an amateur archeologist". After consultation with Dr. Alexander G. Ruthven, Director of the University Museums, and George R. Fox of the E. K. Warren

Foundation, it was decided to attempt to organize a State Archeological Society which was accomplished at the offices of the Michigan Historical Commission at Lansing, on January 17, 1924.

In order to obtain the most information in the shortest possible time, committees were appointed to do various duties, and an endless chain system was inaugurated of requesting each prospect written to send in the names of all those known to be interested in archeology. In this way we received about four hundred names, from which the Society obtained a membership of one hundred at first, which was later increased to one hundred and forty.

The Committee on Collectors and Collections, of which Charles E. Morrison of Williamston was Chairman, returned a list of one hundred thirty-two names. These collections were visited and a mental inventory taken of the nature of the implements, etc., the locality from whence they come, and under what conditions they were found. Several of these collections were entirely local, and the collector usually knew all data of each piece, their history and under what conditions they were found. These collections were the most valuable found as they gave us a fairly good cross section of the culture of that particular vicinity.

At the first few meetings of the Michigan State Archeological Society, it was particularly emphasized that no object had any value unless all the supporting data were furnished with it, which resulted in changing a lot of collectors of relics into scientific observers.

A plan of education was carried on for some months, directing one here where to get information about a certain feature, one there as to how to scientifically open a mound, etc. In other words, an attempt was made to interest our members in the scientific end of collecting, so that the collections and supporting data would be of some value to a trained archeologist when the time came to sum up the information.



In order to centralize all information it was requested of our members to send all information to the Department of Michigan Archeology at the University of Michigan, or to the Secretary of the Society who in turn forwarded the information. Also, our members were urged to go to Ann Arbor and get acquainted. In addition to this work, several members pledged themselves to prepare archeological maps of their respective counties.

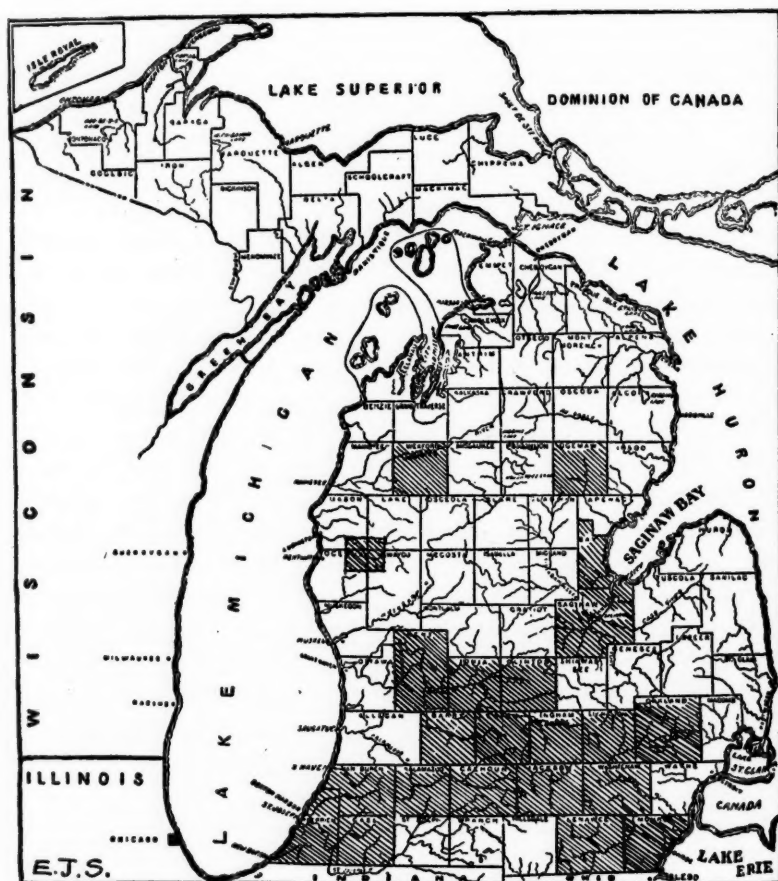
From the beginning we soon had fairly good maps of Berrien County by George R. Fox; Cass County by Dana P. Smith; Van Buren County by Wilbur P. Marshall; Kalamazoo County by the writer, and Bay and Saginaw Counties by Fred Dustin. This work has been carried forward by the Department of Great Lakes Archeology, successor to the Department of Michigan Archeology of the University of Michigan, until very complete maps exist of Berrien, Cass, Lenawee, Monroe, Washtenaw, Jackson, Calhoun, Kalamazoo, Van Buren, Barry, Eaton, Ingham, Livingston, Oakland, Clinton, Ionia, Kent, Saginaw, Bay, Ogemaw, Missaukee and Wexford.

The information for these maps was gathered from a multitude of sources, especially the earthworks, mounds, village sites, garden beds, etc. The location of the Indian Trails were with few exceptions, derived (1) from the U. S. Government Survey Notes and (2) the early survey progress maps as published from 1821 to 1837, especially the maps made by John Farmer.

Placing these maps together, one has an excellent "good roads" map of the Indian which, in connection with the physical evidence left, may be of great assistance in locating and studying the various shades of culture in the Woodland area as well as the migrations of those cultures.

As a side study, it is of vast importance to the research worker in history, for at a glance one may see the important influence of the Indian trail and Indian village site in determining the progress of the pioneers and their reasons for making settlements at certain places.

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✓ PROGRESS OF  
COUNTY ARCHEOLOGICAL MAPS OF MICHIGAN  
MAY - 1927

The interest in preserving the antiquities of our State has been continued by well written and accurate articles in the newspapers, publicity through the Michigan Hotel and Resort Association, the Michigan Historical Commission, and through lantern lectures given in various parts of the State and through publications, mostly from the University of Michigan.

Dr. W. B. Hinsdale in 1925 brought out his book on *Primitive Man in Michigan*, a very comprehensive and instructive book, especially for the amateur, as practically 90% of our membership is composed of those enthusiastically interested but scientifically untrained.

Dr. Carl E. Guthe, Director of Anthropology, University of Michigan, has recently prepared a little brief on "Notes on the Excavation of Indian Mounds and Graves in Michigan." Other publications that have maintained an interest in our work, all by Dr. Hinsdale are "The Missaukee Preserve and the Rifle River Forts", "An Unusual Trephined Skull from Michigan," a lecture on "Corn", a paper on "Waterways of the Indian", and "Religion at the Algonquin Level", and the writer has prepared several mimeographed letters to members on the general progress of the work.

We have found one fraud maker and by diplomacy and advertising we put him out of business, several museum thieves have been advertised and a very serious study made of the acts of vandalism committed chiefly by tourists. A law was framed for presentation to the legislature, but on consulting with the Dean of the Law Department of the University of Michigan, it was found to be unconstitutional, and that there were but slim chances of framing one that would hold water. An effort was then made through the State Department of Conservation, and here is where we found relief. The powers of this Board affecting Archeological remains, are as follows:

1. Has power to purchase or condemn privately owned lands in the interest of conservation.
2. Has rights of condemnation of privately owned property.

3. Has jurisdiction over all state lands and can set aside any tract as a preserve.

4. Use of University Museums as an expert Bureau.

5. Appropriate funds for surveys, one object of which is to establish preserves.

6. Preserves are established either directly under the Department of Conservation or under the University by transfer of State lands to the University.

7. The Policy of the Department of Conservation considers archeological remains as a natural resource to be preserved.

Under Item 6, the University has established one preserve of several hundred acres, known as the Missaukee Preserve, which contains several mounds and some well preserved earthworks. Mr. Emerson F. Greenman of the Department of Great Lakes Archeology, University of Michigan, has been employed for two seasons excavating here. His discoveries were given before the Michigan State Archeological Society last June in a paper, "Michigan Mounds with Special Reference to Two in Missaukee County". One especially fine copper axe,  $6\frac{1}{4}$  inches long, which had been encased in a woven fabric of some kind, was found in one of these mounds.

From time to time collectors make reports of their finds and in that way information is obtained of unusual objects being discovered. A few examples of these reports may be of interest.

"On May 21, 1926, three boys, Arthur and Arno Seidelman and James Clunie discovered the Kinney Cache. It was located on a sand ridge about twenty rods east of the River Road and thirty rods north of the Michigan Central Railroad, on property owned by Mr. M. Kinney in the northwest quarter of Section 32, Town 12 north, Range 4 east.

"Sand having been removed at this point, a heavy rain caused a washout and exposed 173 very thin triangular arrow points, measuring from  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length and are made of brown chert."

The implements obtained last summer by R. W. Stroebe of Saginaw were reported as follows:

"112 arrow points, 1 spear point, 7 drills, 1 adze, 2 axes, 1 hammer stone, 6 rubbing stones, 28 rejects, 16 scrapers, 7 perforators, 29 pottery fragments, 2 copper awls, 1 bird stone (Flint), 1 small polished chip, 1 maul, 1 broken pipe stem, some charred corn cobs from a fire bed."

One of our members sends in outline drawings of his finds and one may select implements that may be of value from a scientific standpoint. A short time ago he sent a drawing of a copper piece, evidently an ornament. It is of triangular shape, that is, a continuous band of that shape, with the top twisted one-half around. It was found when digging a well eleven feet below the surface. This piece for instance will bear special investigation.

One report came in as follows, from Rev. A. Riley Crittenden of Howell. You may draw your own conclusion as to its value.

"While drilling a well upon the farm of Austin Kimberly, in Osceola Township a number of years ago, one H. Brown of Parshallville, this county, got out a small arrow head of ivory, which came up from a depth of 83 feet. Mr. Brown has since died and while I made vigorous efforts to locate the find I have been unable to learn what became of it. \* \* \* \* \* his son described it as about an inch or a little less in length, and nearly as wide at its widest point, he said it did not run quite to a point, probably ground off by the drill." Mr. Crittenden added that the depth of 83 feet corresponded with the bottom of the glacial deposit.

Summing up the work accomplished thus far, the Society in cooperation with the Museum at Ann Arbor have located several hundred mounds, or a record of their former sites, many earthworks commonly known as forts, scores of village sites, camping places and cemeteries. The location of many garden beds, but unfortunately all have been destroyed with the pos-

sible exception of one, some rock carvings, many pits, corn planting sites, etc., and a nearly complete map of the Indian trails in the southern four tiers of counties. While the subject does not fall properly under archeology, an attempt has been made to gather together all the legends and folk lore, not only recorded, but such as the Indian still retains, although badly corrupted by civilization. In addition to this the Society was partially instrumental in preserving one very fine group of fourteen mounds near Grand Rapids known as the Norton Group. Originally there were seventeen but three had been destroyed. This land is now owned by the City of Grand Rapids, and two that were dispoiled, have been restored. When the University of Michigan has its new Museum complete, the Michigan State Archeological Society will have a permanent home for display purposes. This kind offer was made by the University Museums and accepted by the Society at its meeting in Howell last June. While the Society has not accomplished as much as it expected to, due chiefly to a lack of finances, it intends to keep everlastingly at it.

## MICHIGAN COPYRIGHTS

(Continued from the April number)

157. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan: District of Michigan: Be it remembered that on this fifth day of May, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-five McDonald & Finley of Detroit in said District hath deposited in the office of the Clerk of said Court, the title of a Book, the title of which is in the words following, that is to say: "Finley's Improved Probate Record Books. Adapted to the use of the several Probate Courts in the State of Michigan." The right whereof they claim as Authors and Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk.

158. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered that on this ninth day of May, Anno Domini eighteen hundred fifty-five W. Buchheister of said District hath deposited in the office of the Clerk of said Court the title of a Musical Composition, the title whereof is in the words following, that is to say: "Bell Polka. Remembrance of the Germania Musical Society. Dedicated to the Ladies of Detroit. By W. Buchheister." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor, in conformity with an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk.

159. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered that on this 14th day of June, A. D. 1855, Isaac Colby of Detroit in said District have deposited in the office of the Clerk of said Court the title of a Chart, the title whereof is in the words following, that is to say: "Shoulder Measurement Transfer. By Isaac Colby. Detroit, Michigan." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor, in conformity with an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk.

Reported and copies of entire sent to Sec'y. of States Office up to and including the above entry. July 10, 1855.

161. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered that on the eighteenth day of July Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and



fifty-five, Milton I. Cook of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Label the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Cook's Premium Commercial Ink, of a beautiful Black from the first; flows easily from the pen; does not corrode; will not mould; is Permanent; and cannot be effaced, even by the strongest Oxalic Acid. Directions—Keep it clean, and Separate from other Inks. None genuine without the printed signature of the Inventor. M. J. Cook, Detroit, Michigan." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

162. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the twenty-fifth day of July, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-five E. J. Hulbert and E. Warner of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Map the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Geological and Topographical Map of the Mineral District of Lake Superior, Michigan. Compiled and drawn by Jno. C. Booth and E. J. Hulbert, 1855. Showing accurately the relative position of the copper and Iron Mines. The selections made by the Sault St. Marie Canal Co. The Swamp or State Lands, and Individual Possessions. Topography reduced from the Plats of the U. S. Surveys. Geological Notes furnished by S. W. Hill Esq. (late U. S. D. G.) Published by E. Warner & J. Hulbert." The right whereof they claim as Authors and Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

163. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Fifteenth day of August Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, William D. Cochran of the said District, hath deposited in the office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "A System of Book-keeping, according to which the student is furnished with a simple statement of each transaction, or the original documents as they are presented to the Book-keeper in actual business, and from which he is required to originate his own Day-Book entries, and construct all availing Books. The System is adopted to every form of single and double entry, embracing Commission, Jobbing, Banking, Steam-boat and Rail-Road Books. Detroit, Mich., Aug. 15, 1855, Wm. D. Cochran." The right whereof he claims as Author and

Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

164. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the sixteenth day of August Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-five Messrs McDonald and Finley of said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Finley's Improved Probate Record Books. Sales of Real Estate of Deceased Persons by Executors or Administrators. Contents. Record of Petition for License to Sell. Record of Bond on Sale. Record of Oath before Sale. Record of Report of Sale. Record of affidavit of Publishing notice. Record of Affidavit of Posting Notice. Adapted to the use of the several Probate Courts in the State of Michigan." The right whereof they claim as Authors or Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

165. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of September Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-five Clarissa Wells of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "The Uncovering of Man. In an explanation of his history as it is recorded in the Bible. By a Spirit Medium. Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. Bible. Clarissa Wells, Medium." The right whereof she claims as the Author and proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

166. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-fourth day of September Anna Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-five Robert E. Roberts of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following to-wit: "Sketches of the City of Detroit. State of Michigan. Past and present. 1855." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copy-rights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

167. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered that on the Twenty-fourth day of November Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-five W. O. Strong and George S. Frost, both of the said District hath deposited in this office the title of a Book, the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Improved System of Book-keeping by Double Entry, without the use of Auxiliary Cash Books, Day-Books or Blotters. By W. O. Strong and George S. Frost." The right whereof they claim as Authors and Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

168. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the district of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-sixth day of November Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, James Dale Johnston of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "The Detroit City Directory, and Advertising Gazetteer of Michigan for 1855-6. James Dale Johnston, Compiler." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

169. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Eighteenth day of January, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, Alexander R. Tiffany of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "A Treatise on the Powers and Duties of Justices of the Peace in the State of Michigan. Under Chapter Ninety-three of the Revised Statutes; with practical forms. By Alexander R. Tiffany, Counsellor at Law. Second Edition. Revised and Enlarged." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

170. United States of America. District Court of the United States

for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Sixteenth day of February Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six Anthony Castello of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Life of Anthony Castlo or A Bonaparte Soldier. In Seven Chapters. A Tale of fiction, yet of truth; A Mirror held up to our youth." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled, "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

171. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of February Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six Henry Goodby of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "On the Links connecting the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms. By Henry Goodby. M. D., F. L. S." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled, "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

172. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the fifth day of March Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six William A. Cook of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Reports of Admiralty Cases determined in the United States District Court for Michigan by Hon. Ross Wilkins, District Judge, Edited by William A. Cook, Counsellor at Law. Volume 1." The right whereof he claims as Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

173. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of March Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, Henry Fowler of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Label the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Perfumed Taper Burning Matches. Henry Fowler. Detroit, Mich." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in con-

formity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

174. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-third day of June Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six William L. Young of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "A Key to the Revised Statutes of 1846 of the State of Michigan showing the amendments made thereto by subsequent legislation up to and including the Acts of the Legislature of 1855, also a list of General statutes passed since the adoption of the Constitution of 1850." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

Transmitted Report to Secy. of State July 10, 1856.

175. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-second day of July Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, H. Huntington Lea & Co. and James Sutherland of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "State of Michigan Gazetteer and Business Directory for 1856-7. Complete in one volume. Detroit, 1856." The right whereof they claim as Publishers and Compilers in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

Assigned to James Sutherland by endorsement on copyright. Dated Oct. 27, 1856.

176. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-fourth day of July Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six A. Wood of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Wood's Valuable Receipts." The right whereof he claims as Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

177. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Eighteenth day of August Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, K. C. Barker & Co. of said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Label the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "K. C. Barker & Co. Aromatic Tobacco No. 60. Jefferson Avenue, Detroit." The right whereof they claim as Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

178. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-first day of August Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six Barthelemy Melchior of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following to-wit: "Motives for the Establishment of a Popular and Universal Bank." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

179. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the nineteenth day of September Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six H. H. Covert of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "The Freeman's Pamphlet on Republicanism and Locofocoism, Their Measures and Policy. By a Young Democrat. Detroit, Aug. 1856." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

180. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-sixth day of September Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six Frederick S. Barnard of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following to-wit: "Ideographic Commercial Characters to facilitate the adding and posting of property accounts. Frederick S. Barnard." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in con-



formity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

181. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Third day of October Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six Ira Mayhew of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "The Means and Ends of Universal Education. By Ira Mayhew, A. M. Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Michigan and Author of a Practical System of Book-keeping." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

182. United States of America, District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-third day of October Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, John M. B. Sill of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following to-wit: "Synthesis of the English Sentence, or an Elementary Grammar on the Synthetic method. By J. M. B. Sill. Teacher of English Grammar and Literature in the Michigan State Normal School." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

183. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the First day of January Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven John Farmer of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Map the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "Farmer's Township map of Michigan and Wisconsin embracing part of Iowa, Illinois and Minnesota with a chart of the Lakes. Prepared, Engraved and Published by the Author at Detroit." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.



184. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Eleventh day of February Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Noah Lee of said District, hath deposited in this office, the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to-wit: "A Treatise on the Chronology of the Christian Era with the rules of calculation employed in arriving at its results. By Noah Lee, 1857." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

187. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the ninth day of April Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, A. Wood of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Pamphlet the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "To Saloon-Keepers, Farmers, and Families Generally. Wood's Valuable Receipts." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

188. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-ninth day of April Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty seven Messrs McDonald and Finley of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Finley's Improved Probate Record Books. For Guardians and Wards. Adapted to the use of the several Probate Courts in the State of Michigan, it being a Record of appraiser's Warrants, Inventory for Minors. Also Record of Sales of Real Estate of Minors." The right whereof they claim as Authors and Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

189. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Eighth day of May Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Messrs Stein and Buchhelster of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a musical Composition the

title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "The Absence of a Day. Ballad composed by Pietro Centemeri." The right whereof they claim as Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

190. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Eighth day of May Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Messrs Stein and Buchheister of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Musical Composition the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Ballroom Delights. A collection of pleasing Dances for the Piano Forte." The right whereof they claim as Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

193. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twentieth day of May Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Messrs Palmer and Luce of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Weekly Time and Memorandum Book with Monthly Wages Table." The right whereof they claim as Authors and Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

194. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-second day of May Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Messrs Stein and Buchheister of the said District hath deposited in this office the title of a Musical Composition the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Beau Monde Galop, composed by Charles Stein, Detroit, Mich." The right whereof they claim as Author and Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

195. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-second day of May Anno Domini, eighteen

hundred and fifty-seven Messrs Stein and Buchheister of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Musical Composition the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "The Rose of Evandale. Song. As sung by Chas. H. Dupond of Sliter & Wood Minstrels. Poetry by Mrs. L. B. Adams. Music by H. D. Sofge." The right whereof they claim as Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

196. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered that on the Sixteenth day of June Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Messrs Stein and Buchheister of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Musical Composition the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Our Wildwood Home. A beautiful ballad sung by I. Farrenberg. Poetry by Mrs. L. B. Adams. Music by Chas. Stein." The right whereof they claim as Authors and Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

197. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Sixth day of July Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven I. F. Munro of the said District, had deposited in this office the title of a map the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Munro's Map of the City of Detroit. Compiled by I. F. Munro of Detroit. From New Surveys and Calculations." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

Transmitted Report to Sec'y of State July 10, 1857. Recd. Copy of Map Oct. 6, 1858.

198. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Tenth day of July Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven A. Wood of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "A Guide to Wealth over Seventy Valuable Recipes for

Saloons, Innkeepers, Grocers, Druggists, Merchants and for Families Generally. Third edition. Revised and Enlarged by Dr. A. W. Chase." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

199. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Thirteenth day of July Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Louis Fasquelle of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Esprit de la Conversation Francaise, being a copious manual or Class Book of French conversation, with a full collection of French Idiomatical phrases alphabetically arranged. Selected partly from the works of Paschier, Ballenger, L. Smith, etc. By Louis Fasquelle, L.L.D. Professor of modern Languages of the University of Michigan. Corresponding member of the National Institute, Washington; Author of 'A new method of learning the French language.' Editor of 'Telemaque' with grammatical references, etc." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

200. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Fourteenth day of July Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, John S. Newberry of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Reports of Admiralty cases, Argued and Adjudged in the District Courts of the United States for the District of Michigan, Northern District of Ohio, Southern District of Ohio, Western District of Pennsylvania, Northern District of Illinois, District of Missouri, and Eastern District of Louisiana. From 1842 to 1857. By John S. Newberry, of the Detroit Bar. Volume I." The Right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

The transfer of the above Copyright to Banks, Gould & Co. is recorded in "Copyright Record A" on Page 160.

201. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-seventh day of July Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Daniel I. Cobb of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "The Fire-side Nut Shell, containing Patriotic Moral, Domestic or Social Sentiments Calculated to Divert and Instruct. By Daniel J. Cobb, M.D." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor, in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

202. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered that on the Twenty-seventh day of August, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, Luke M. Mooney of Lenawee County of the said District hath deposited in this office the title of a Chart the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Mechanic's Time Register." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

203. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twenty-eighth day of August, Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Daniel Munger of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Political Landmarks, or History of Parties, from the Organization of the General Government to the present time, Compiled from the most reliable Authors. By Daniel Munger." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

204. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twelfth day of September Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, Messrs. Stein and Buchheister of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Musical Composition the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Polka Milli-

taire. Composé par I. E. Reiter. op 16." The right whereof they claim as Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

Copy filed Sept. 12, 1857.

207. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Twelfth day of September Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven Stein and Buchheister of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Musical Composition the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Birds of Spring. Song. Poetry by Mrs. L. B. Adams. Music by Chas. Stein." The right whereof they claim as Proprietors in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

Copy filed Sept. 12, 1857.

208. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Eighth day of October Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven, Oliver H. P. Griffis of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Every Man his Own Farrier. By Oliver H. P. Griffis. Kalamazoo, Mich., 1857." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the Several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

209. United States of America. District Court of the United States for the District of Michigan. District of Michigan: Be it remembered, that on the Sixteenth day of November Anno Domini, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven the Revd. J. S. Smart of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a Book the title whereof is in the words following, to wit: "Funeral Sermon of the Maine Law, and its offspring in Michigan. By Revd. J. S. Smart. 1857." The right whereof he claims as Author and Proprietor in conformity with an Act of Congress, entitled "An Act to amend the several Acts respecting Copyrights."

Wm. D. Wilkins, Clerk of the District Court of the U. S. for Mich. Dist.

Rec'd. Copy of Book on April 16, 1858.

## HISTORICAL NOTES

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### PEDIGREE

WHAT profit pedigree or long descents  
From farre-fetcht blood, or painted monuments  
Of our great-grandsire's visage? 'Tis most sad  
To trust unto the worth another had  
For keeping up our fame; which else would fall,  
If, besides birth, there be no worth at all.  
For, who counts him a gentleman whose grace  
Is all in name, but otherwise is base?  
Or who will honour him that's honour's shame,  
Noble in nothing but a noble name?

It's better to be meanly born and good,  
Than one unworthy of his noble blood:  
Though all thy walls shine with thy pedigree,  
Yet virtue only makes nobility.  
Then, that this pedigree may useful be  
Search out the virtues of your family;  
And to be worthy of your father's name,  
Learn out the good they did, and do the same:  
For, if you bear their arms, and not their fame,  
Those ensigns of their worth, will be your shame.

—*Old Latin verse, in Burke's "Patrician."*

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PROF. C. H. VAN TYNE, head of the Department of History, University of Michigan, gave the first of a course of lectures on "British and American Rivalries in the American Revolution." This lecture was delivered in London on May 13 with the red plush background of the House of Lords for a setting. "Admission," says the invitation, "by Peers' Entrance, Old Palace Yard." Few enter there.—*Michigan Alumnus.*



GERRIT VAN SCHELVEN, a pioneer of Holland, Michigan, died at his home April 4. Mr. Van Schelven was 84 years old. For many years he was a member and trustee of the Michigan Pioneer and Historical Society, at one time its president, and was widely known and loved throughout the state.

Mr. Van Schelven was born in the Netherlands in 1842, the son of a prominent Dutch minister. In 1855 he came to Holland and in his early days conducted a general store there. From 1899 to 1916 he was postmaster. He was editor for a time of *Der Hope*, official Dutch organ of the Reformed Church of America, and for years was editor of the *Holland City News*. During the Civil War he served with Company I, 25th Michigan Infantry, and was Commander of the A. C. Van Raalte Post, G. A. R. In civic capacities Mr. Van Schelven held numerous offices at various times during a long life. Characteristic of his devotion was his last ballot, cast on his death bed. Expressing his desire to do his duty as a citizen, Gerrit Van Schelven cast his ballot in the spring election on April 4 less than two hours before he died, an election inspector standing at his bedside and placing crosses before the candidates designated. Thus passed a man whom we love to honor.

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THE board of education of Chicago is giving many of its new schools the names of Chicago's pioneers. Among those for whom schools will be named is Gurdon S. Hubbard, who was the city's first insurance broker and an early pioneer fur trader to the Mackinac Country. The idea is a worthy one, offering another way of keeping alive the memories of men and women who laid the foundations for the community.

Dear Editor:

**M**AY I have a brief space in your July number to say a word to the people of Michigan about "Memory Day," with the observance of which I know you are in sympathy:

"Memory Day" is a day set aside by the Michigan Legislature for the decoration of the graves of loved ones of our families without regard to their membership in any association or order. The date is September 30th, which is just four months from the observance of Decoration Day. It is hoped that the National Congress will soon comply with the request made and thereby extend the idea by declaring the day as applied to the whole country. It is not a legal holiday, and does not in any measure affect commercial or manufacturing life.

The intent of the observance of this day is to extend the sentiment connected with Decoration Day to the recognition of the claims of all the dead. It is fitting that it should be placed at the close of the Summer, as it thus in no manner detracts from the interest rightfully belonging especially to the Soldier Dead; and since it affords a fine opportunity for the cleaning up and beautifying of the cemeteries in which dear ones rest, before the Autumn frosts make totally unsightly the abundant verdure of Summer, and before the Winter snows shall have spread their blanket of white over the seared vegetation.

The thought of thus caring for the universal dead on "Memory Day," grew out of the affectionate care of a public minded farmer of Clinton County, Michigan, who has for years, devoted himself to the memory of a dear wife, who in an early day left college with him, and entered the wilderness where they made the home farm, on which he and she long resided happily, and where he now lives, waiting for their happy reunion. The little rural cemetery in which she lies buried, is, next to the pleasant farm-home made possible by her long years of devotion to it and him, the pride and care of this gray old lover. The effort which he is now making to extend the

tender sentiment of care for the loved departed, is in a measure, a tribute to her memory. He is hoping that he may, by the free use of means afforded by a successful farming career, so interest others as to induce them to offer commensurate tributes to the dead whom they cherish dearly in memory.

Starting from the thought of the interest of the originator of "Memory Day," this should be a fitting opportunity for starting an interest in rural communities especially, which shall result in the yearly autumnal decoration of rural cemeteries, which are in many localities sadly neglected.

Mr. John T. Daniells, the originator of "Memory Day," will be glad to receive inquiries concerning the project, and to offer such suggestions covering the matter as may seem helpful. He has had prepared by the Michigan poet, Will Carleton, a beautiful poem, entitled, "Memory Day;" and a song with the same title, written by the great song writer, Eden Reeder Latta, and set to music by Professor Charles H. Gabriel. These will be furnished free of cost to any who are interested, and who would use them in simple exercises connected with the observance of "Memory Day." Address John T. Daniells, R. F. D. No. 11, St. Johns, Mich. This and all material to be used in connection with "Memory Day," is for free distribution, is not for sale, and there is no financial scheme connected with it.

REV. J. E. GREGORY,  
St. Johns.

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Dear Editor:

Perhaps it may interest some of your readers to know the circumstance through which I [John Tyler Daniells of St. Johns, Michigan, author of Memory Day] came by my given name John Tyler. I was born in Troy, Oakland County, on Christmas Day, 1840, and soon afterwards my parents visited

their parents' homes in New York. Father and grandfather became deeply interested in the question of the President's signing the United States Bank Bill. Father said, "If he does sign it, this first son of ours shall bear the name of the President—John Tyler."

Some time later, father wrote the President the fact and the President replied as follows:

Washington, Jan. 12, 1845.

Dear Sir:

Your letter of the 1. January is now before me and I delay not to acknowledge my indebtedness to you for the compliment you have paid me in naming after me your promising and only son. A higher mark of respect you could not well have bestowed. I do most sincerely entertain the hope that he may live to realize your warmest expectations by becoming an honour to you and ornament to his country—

Accept, Dear Sir, the tender of my best wishes for your health, happiness and long life.

John Tyler.

Willard Daniels Esq.

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**A**MONG the responses received to date relative to the Magazine's inquiry for names and addresses of living descendants of former governors of Michigan, are the following:

From John N. Bagley, Detroit:

My dear Mr. Fuller:

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter in regard to the living descendants of my father, John J. Bagley, and I am very glad indeed to help provide you with this information.

Sincerely,

Jno. N. Bagley.

## LIVING DESCENDANTS OF GOVERNOR JOHN JUDSON BAGLEY

Name.	Relation.	Address.
John Newbury Bagley.....	Son.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
1. Mrs. Frances Bagley Wallace.....	Grand daughter.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
1. Esther Bagley Wallace.....	Great Grand daughter.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
2. Susanne Bagley Wallace.....	Great Grand daughter.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
2. John Ducharme Bagley.....	Grand son.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
3. Philip Newbury Bagley.....	Grand son.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
Mrs. George S. Hosmer.....	Daughter.....	Rochester, Mich.
1. Mrs. Ira D. Waterman.....	Grand daughter.....	Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colorado
1. Ira D. Waterman.....	Great Grand son.....	Broadmoor, Colorado Springs, Colorado
2. Dorothy Brown.....	Grand daughter.....	Rochester, Mich.
1. Mrs. James K. Watkins.....	Grand daughter.....	1024 Parker Ave., Detroit
1. James K. Watkins.....	Great Grand son.....	1024 Parker Ave., Detroit
2. George H. Watkins.....	Great Grand son.....	1024 Parker Ave., Detroit
3. John Bagley Watkins.....	Great Grand son.....	1024 Parker Ave., Detroit
1. Mrs. Helen Buttrick Van Dyke.....	Grand daughter.....	Milwaukee, Wis.
1. Helen Benis Van Dyke.....	Great Grand daughter.....	Milwaukee, Wis.
2. Stedman Buttrick.....	Grand son.....	Concord, Mass.
3. Olive Bagley Buttrick.....	Grand daughter.....	Concord, Mass.
4. John Bagley Buttrick.....	Grand son.....	Concord, Mass.
5. Mary Buttrick.....	Grand daughter.....	Concord, Mass.
Paul Frederick Bagley.....	Son.....	D. A. C., Detroit, Mich.
Mrs. James T. Anderson.....	Daughter.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
1. Helen Bagley Anderson.....	Grand daughter.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
Mrs. Mary Sherman Woodruff.....	Grand daughter.....	8905 Jefferson Ave. E., Detroit
Frederick Phillip Bagley.....	Nephew.....	Norwood, Mass.

From H. D. Luce, Lansing:

Dear Mr. Fuller:

As you request, I am handing you herewith a list of the names and addresses of the descendants of Governor Cyrus G Luce.

As you will note, there is one son living, two grand sons, five grand daughters and twelve great grand children. I have given you the names of the grand daughters and grand sons but am unable to give you the names and addresses of all of the great grand children, therefore have omitted the names of any.

The list follows:

Yours respectfully,

H. D. Luce.

Name.	Relation.	Address.
Homer D. Luce.....	Son.....	Lansing, Mich.
Julia B. Hopkins.....	Grand daughter.....	Lansing, Mich.
Mary E. Runnels.....	Grand daughter.....	Lansing, Mich.
Leverich C. Luce.....	Grand son.....	Coldwater, Mich.
Howard L. Parker.....	Grand son.....	Angola, Ind.
Bernice J. Craddock.....	Grand daughter.....	Missoula, Mont.
Florence Sanderson.....	Grand daughter.....	Riverside, Calif.
Grace Werner.....	Grand daughter.....	Hillsdale, Mich.

12 Great grand children.

## From Mrs. Hazel Pingree Depew:

My dear Mr. Fuller:

Replying to your request, I will try and put down as best I can the direct descendants of my father, Gov. Pingree.

There were three children, Gertrude Elizabeth Pingree who died in her nineteenth year, March 26, 1893; Hazen S. Pingree, Jr., nicknamed Joe, who died May 7, 1910, leaving one son, Gilbert Bissell Pingree, now living in Detroit. The third and youngest child (myself) Hazel Pingree Depew have two daughters Frances Pingree Depew, and Valerie Pingree Depew.

So I presume you would say, there are four living descendants of Gov. Pingree.

I hope these are the facts you desire. If you wish any further, please let me know.

Very sincerely,

Hazel Pingree Depew.

## From Edward H. Wright, South Orange, N. J.:

My dear Mr. Fuller:

I am in receipt of your letter inquiring about the living descendants of Governor Mason, and would say that my mother, Dora Mason Wright, who was the daughter of Governor Mason, died, leaving the following children: Minna W. Keasbey, of New Lond, Conn.; Major General William M. Wright, of 1614 21st St., N. W., Washington, D. C.; Emily V. Wright and Julia D. Wright, both of South Orange, N. J. Also Dora W. Parker, New York, N. Y. I am enclosing data of the Parker family sent me by Mr. Parker.

Mrs. Keasbey has a daughter, Dorothea K. Lehmann, and she has three children, namely, Alexander, Roland and Patricia, all of 236 East 62nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Data on Major General William M. Wright, is contained in the Parker letter.

Emily V. Wright and Julia D. Wright are both unmarried.

I have two sons, E. H. Wright, 3rd, a student at the University of Virginia and Stevens Thomson Mason Wright, a pupil at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H.

If this data is not sufficient for you, you might write to the various individuals.

My home address is 512 Ridgewood Road, South Orange, N. J., and Miss Emily Wright and Miss Julia D. Wright live with me.

If there is any other information I can give you, please call on me.

If, by any chance, you should see her who was the wife of the late Lawton T. Hemans, I wish you would present my compliments to her and tell her that I always carry in my memory a deep regard for Mr. Hemans.

I should like to come out and see you all again, as I remember so well your hospitality and kindness at the time Governor Mason's remains were taken to Detroit.

Sincerely yours,

Edward H. Wright.

The following is taken from Mr. Parker's letter referred to above:

"I also note what you say about a letter received from the Michigan History Magazine which is desirous of compiling the address list of the living relatives and descendants of Governor Stevens Thomson Mason. You state that you would like to have the names of my family.

"So as to refresh your recollection on that subject my children are the following:

"1. Chauncey G. Parker, Jr., married to Cecilia Sherman McCallum; has one child about two years old, Cecilia McCallum Parker; residence 1632—16th Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

"2. Edith Wright Parker, married to Albert J. Redway, Jr.; has two children, Dora Parker Redway, age about five years, and a son, Albert J. Redway, 3d, age about two and one-half years; residence 138 Middlesex Road, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts.

"3. Edward Cortlandt Parker, unmarried, residence Newark, New Jersey; at present with his father at 1712 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D. C.; attending George Washington Law School.

"4. Dora Mason Parker, residence Newark, New Jersey; at present her address is 1712 Rhode Island Ave., Washington, D. C.

"5. Elizabeth Stites Parker, residence Newark, New Jersey; present address 1712 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington, D. C.

"As to your brother General Wright's family, I think you know that Mason is in the Army, address War Department; Jerauld is in the Navy and his present address is on board steamship Mayflower, Washington, D. C.; Marjorie is the wife of Mr. David Key. They are living in Washington and have a little baby about a year old, a boy who is named for his grandfather Key.

"A grand nephew of Gov. Mason, Stevens T. Mason of the law firm of Mason, Cox and McCaslin, 848-853 Buhl Bldg., Detroit, still lives in the city beloved of the "Boy Governor."



From Mrs. Mattie Woodbridge Metcalf, Altadena, California:

My dear Sir:

Your letter asking for a list of living relatives and descendants of my grandfather, Governor William Woodbridge, has been forwarded to me here by my daughter Mrs. Louis M. Edgar who is living in my home for the winter while I am with my other daughter Mrs. Joe T. Marshall for a visit. I am sending your letter on to my cousin, Mrs. Duncan Stewart, that she may add her family and addresses to the list.

Yours truly,

Mattie Woodbridge Metcalf.

#### LIVING DESCENDANTS OF GOVERNOR WILLIAM WOODBRIDGE

Name.	Relation.	Address.
Juliana Woodbridge Backus.....	Daughter	
Leverett Woodbridge.....	Son	
1. Estelle Woodbridge Stewart.....	Grand daughter	
1. Margaret Stewart.....	Great Grand daughter	
2. Duncan Stewart, Jr.....	Great Grand son	
Lucy Woodbridge Abbott.....	Daughter	
Dudley B. Woodbridge.....	Son	
1. Mary Woodbridge.....	Grand daughter	
2. Mattie Kitchell Woodbridge Metcalf.....	Grand daughter.....	2664 Highland Ave., Altadena, Calif. 1992 Yosemite Road, Berkeley, Calif.
1. Woodbridge Metcalf.....	Great Grand son.....	
1. Beatrice M. Metcalf.....	Great Great Grand daughter	
2. Sylvia D. Metcalf.....	Great Great Grand daughter	
2. Marjorie Woodbridge Metcalf Edgar.....	Great Grand daughter.....	1512 Dickerson Ave., Detroit, Mich.
1. Woodbridge Edgar.....	Great Great Grand son	
2. Marian Metcalf Edgar.....	Great Great Grand daughter	
3. David Malcolm Edgar.....	Great Great Grand son	
3. Elizabeth Woodbridge Metcalf Marshall.....	Great Grand daughter.....	2664 Highland Ave., Altadena, Calif.
1. J. Truesdell Marshall, Jr.....	Great Great Grand son	
2. Woodbridge Marshall.....	Great Great Grand son	
3. Martha Woodbridge Marshall.....	Great Great Grand daughter	
3. Julia S. Zanger.....	Grand daughter.....	711 Lake Shore Road, Grosse Pointe, Mich. Moross Road, Grosse Pointe, Mich. The Palma Apts., Detroit, Mich.
1. Juliana McMillan, Jr.....	Great Grand daughter.....	
4. Eva C. Victor.....	Grand daughter.....	

Dear Editor:

A FEW months ago, while looking over some papers and account books which had come into my possession soon after father's death, I ran across a small note book which he had used to keep his early farm accounts and other memo-

randa pertaining to the first years of his living in the town of Concord. In one part of this book I found, written in pencil and much defaced, an account in the form of a diary, of a trip he took from Jacksonburg, Michigan, to Victor, New York. This journey was made in the last part of 1831 and was for the purpose of visiting his Eastern relatives but more to claim in marriage our mother, Sarah Maria Blake, who was a daughter of Jesse Blake, a prosperous farmer in the township of Livonia, Livingston Co., New York.

From such records as I can find as well as from the family traditions that I hold in memory, I am quite sure he was engaged to be married before he first went West to look up a new location for the practice of medicine and to make a home in the far West.

As the family records state our father, Samson Stoddard, was born in Vienna, Oneida Co., N. Y., on the 6th of Feb., 1806, the oldest child of Goodwin and Maria (Warner) Stoddard and was a direct descendant in the Seventh generation of Anthony Stoddard who emigrated from England to Boston, Mass., in the year 1637. At the time of his birth and some years after his father was a farmer, but when he was of school age his father had left the farm and was an ordained itinerant preacher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in that capacity lived in most of the towns of Central and Western New York, for nearly a half century. How or where our father got his early school privileges, is hardly known, only that, probably in most of the district or common schools of the various villages where his father was sent as a preacher. However that was, he must have made good use of these opportunities for we find that when he was sixteen or seventeen years of age he was prepared to enter the Middleburg Academy situated at Middleburg, N. Y. It is quite certain that he remained there about three years. Soon after leaving the Academy he commenced the study of medicine, and in the fall of 1826 he entered the College of Physicians and Surgeons of the Western

District of New York, located at Fairfield. He remained there three years with the exception that he was absent the winter of the second year to teach one term in a district school, graduating as M. D. on Feb. 3, 1829. Soon after receiving his diploma he located somewhere, not now known, in western New York, for the practice of his profession. Whether or no his work was successful, I can not guess, but at all events, after one year he seems to have contracted what was then called the "Michigan Fever" which was then very prevalent in all western New York. He pulled up his stakes, and in the early fall of 1830 started west, landing in Detroit, Mich., on September first of that year. From that city he pushed his way further West stopping at Ann Arbor to look around, but soon went on reaching the little hamlet or village of Jackson in Jackson County. This settlement there had been made but a short time before and was only in part laid out. He seems to have been pleased with this place and its prospects, for he decided to locate there. He was the first physician of this far western town, though another came the following Spring. As near as I can find out he soon invested in a town lot or lots, and built an office. This was a log structure, as were most of the other buildings in the town, and I well remember my father pointing it out to me, when I was a small lad, on one of our visits to Jackson from the farm. He remained there a little over a year, as it appears from the records, and must have had reasonable success in his practice for such a small town. On the 21st of November, 1831, he started for New York as here set forth.

## THE DIARY

*November 21st, 1831.*

Left Jackson on foot and arrived at Grass Lake at noon where I waited for Mr. Page. He arrived about dark. Called on Miss Keyes—all well. Commenced snowing before dark.

*22nd*—Got up before light, ate breakfast, got some pieces on the road before sunrise, on foot, and took dinner at Mill Creek and had pork,

rice and potatoes. Got to Ann Arbor before dark—26 miles—very much fatigued. Called on Dr. Denton and lady.

23rd—Started about 9 o'clock for Detroit on foot, walked to Plymouth and put up for the night; very much fatigued. Came across two old Fairfield acquaintances today—pill pedlers.

24th—Started before sunrise for Detroit—26 miles—in a wagon. We kept busy but did not get to Detroit till near night, roads very bad. Put up at Woodworth's Steamboat Hotel. I begin to feel the symptoms of Influenza coming on.

25th—Ran about the city in pursuit of some way to get down the Lake. Very difficult to procure any direct passage. There was a small sloop going down in a day or two and we concluded to take passage in her for the want of anything better.

26th—Lounged about the city today deliberating whether to go on board of a sloop or take the stage through Canada till near night, when we concluded to take the latter, and accordingly we paid our fare in Detroit and then went over the river in a ferry-boat in order to take the stage early in the morning. We put up at a very nice house. I thought the people were very glad to see some Yankee folks.

27th—Got up this morning, took breakfast and started off before light and traveled all day right up Detroit river and Lake St. Clair through a very level, low and wet country. No settlers except French, a few Irish and now and then a negro hut. We rode or rather dragged out thirty miles in the stage, and then to our utter astonishment we were left to get along as we could—at a French house in the woods. Could not speak a word of English. We determined not to stay here long, so we started on foot through the sand about four miles, and then were brought up into a marsh that extended as far as the eye could see almost. But we were determined not to be frightened at trifles—so on we went for three miles. We had to travel a good deal in the water knee deep. We got through the swamp holes—redressed our feet and got on to the river Thames a little after dark. We walked up this river four miles and stopped at an old French tavern, widow Draco, and here we hired a Frenchman with his cart and two horses to take us on four miles further to a Yankees tavern where we arrived about 9 o'clock. So we had traveled in all, by stage, horse cart and on foot about fifty miles. I think the land on the Thames is very fine, we were traveling in the daytime so as to have a fair view of the country. Good as the country is a large share is settled and owned by a poor set of French who have, generally speaking,

but little energy or ambition. A few of them can talk a little English, but generally they are not able to talk at all with you.

*28th*—Had a good night's rest in a good liberal feather bed, got up rather late and had a good breakfast of steak, fish, coffee, apple and cranberry sauce. This is a very fine house, kept by a Mr. Goss. His wife was formerly from Geneva, N. Y., and they deserve to be patronized by all who travel this road. We started from there about 9 o'clock a. m. in a small schooner rigged boat up the river Thames and traveled about nine miles about as soon as we could have walked it, but a saving of this kind we consider worth making, as we begin to be very covetous of expending the carcass any more than is absolutely necessary. After we left the boat we walked about seven miles to a tavern kept by a Mr. Williams, where we have to cross the river Thames on a bridge, and here we concluded to wait for the stage to come up with us. It is getting quite cold, the ground is a good deal frozen, and a considerable snow has fallen—enough to make quite good sleighing. No French since we left Goss.

*29th*—Lounged about the house today, ate apples and drank cider. Quite cold. Felt a little suspicious of this house—did not like the folks altogether.

*30th*—We were called up this morning and took our seats in the stage once more, or rather, crowded ourselves into a lumber stage at 4 o'clock. Passengers aboard (were) a young Blackey and his lady, Mrs. Fitissy and a young gentleman from York State whom we found to be a very humorous sort of a fellow. All aboard, we started off at a kind of dog trot. Sleighing not good, horses rather poor and not half shod, driver asleep and half frozen. In the course of this route we passed over the ground where Gen. Harrison had his battle with the British and Indians, and where Tecumseh, the famous Indian chief was killed. We were also in sight of the main village of Indians which appeared very neat. We at last got through our first route and stopped to change horses and eat breakfast at a real nasty Irish house. While the old woman was waiting upon the table she dressed the old man's sore shins in good style, caught up her dog in her hands and whirled it out of doors in the twinkling of an eye. We, however, had a very good breakfast of roast or baked chickens, venison, bread, butter, etc., all of which we devoured very greedily notwithstanding the many signs of a want of neatness which we discovered. During the course of our breakfast I called or inquired for some potatoes. The old lady very gravely and with seeming astonishment, replied that she never sat potatoes before gentlemen in her country,

and thought she must not here. Breakfast swallowed we stepped into our next rig, which was a lumber wagon drawn by two very good horses, most too good to be spoiled by wallowing through these muddy roads of Canada. This route was 18 miles, about 12 of which we were obliged to walk on foot on account of the mud. We got through, however, at dark, took some tea and bread and butter and started in another stage or covered wagon with four horses—roads were better on this route, which brought us to Winchester, near the village of London (at) one o'clock at night.

*Dec. 1*—When we got here we found there was no stage in readiness to carry us on—they had brought the mail from the East on horseback and consequently, we were left entirely unprovided for. If we waited, we had to wait three days. We finally hired a man to start off and (to) hire a team to carry us on 18 miles where we should catch the stage and we were so very fortunate as to get a man with a good span of horses and stage, and got under motion again at 4 o'clock in the morning. We got through before ten o'clock where we took breakfast. A part of our travel today was through a fine and well cultivated country. We took our stage or covered wagon after breakfast—roads pretty bad, got turned over once—no bones broken but considerable lame. Arrived at Brantford about one o'clock at night. Here I found Harry Person.

*2nd*—Started from here about four o'clock, traveled through a fine country along the Grand River, settled soon after our Revolution by Tories. Roads pretty good. Only got to Hamilton today, where we had to wait till morning for the stage. Got there (Hamilton) about two P. M. This appears to be a very flourishing village. Put up with Horatio Persons, who keeps the stage house.

*3rd*—Started this morning at 4 o'clock in a good coach for Queenston—snow about one and a half feet deep in the vicinity of Hamilton. Passed through a very fine country. St. Catherines a very pleasant village on the Welland Canal. Arrived at Queenston just at dark and went over the river immediately to Lewiston where we took supper. Mr. Page and the rest of my company left me at this place and went on by private conveyance. I went to bed as the stage did not go out until 4 in the morning.

*4th*—Started this morning in an open wagon for Rochester. At the first change however, we had a coach. Took breakfast at Lockport. Arrived at Rochester about 11 o'clock and went to bed.

*5th*—Took the stage at three this morning for Victor where I arrived about 10 A. M. and soon got home and at the end of my journey.

It seems that father spent nearly two months and a half in visiting among the Stoddard families, but I think he did not fail to make frequent visits in the meantime to the Blake family at Livonia, for he appears to have prosecuted his suit so successfully that he and our mother were married on February 16th, 1832. They remained about two months longer in that part of the state making farewell visits to their enlarged circle of relatives, and also making arrangements to go to housekeeping in the Western wilds of Michigan.

There is no record of the exact date on which they left New York, but we find it recorded that they were at their new home in Jackson on May 16th, 1832. For the first six months they went to housekeeping in a rented house, while (it is to be presumed) they were building and furnishing a house of their own.

Father must have quite soon acquired a fair practice for I find that he bought a pretty large bill of drugs from a New York firm, and also from the fact that malarial diseases were very prevalent in this new locality. But I imagine while the practice was good the returns for the service rendered were not so satisfactory. And both he and mother were more or less in ill health which added no little to his anxieties. But in spite of these discouragements I think they lived a happy life, full of hope for success in their new home. And here they made many very close friends whom they cherished and remembered all through their subsequent lives.

After I came on the scene, which event occurred Feb. 22nd, (Sunday) 1835, Mother was more seriously out of health and I had a rather hard struggle with malaria and the usual infantile diseases and accidents. In fact it seemed a necessity that the whole family must have a change of locality to regain health, and both father and mother became so impressed with this idea that they decided to leave Jackson, considering health to be of more importance than the advantages and prospects of life in an unhealthy village. At any rate, when I was a



little over one and a half years of age we moved on to a farm in the Burr Oak openings in the township of Concord, about twelve miles west of Jackson and three miles northeast of Concord village. The first record I can find of our being at the new home is of the date of Sept. or Oct., 1836.

Here we lived many years, Father improved a large farm, but continued to practice medicine as he was called upon from miles around, doing much of this work after dark and after a hard day's work on his new farm. This double service was too much of a drain on his vitality and he became prematurely broken down. Here Mother brought up a family of nine children, lived a laborious and self denying life but also one of no little hope and joy. She was taken from us in the meridian of life, succumbing to the after effects of scarlet fever, on the early morning of July 23rd, 1851. Father remained unmarried till Jan. 26, 1854, when he was united to Mrs. Emily T. Lathrop of Lansing, Mich. Continued to live in Concord till 1873, when he moved to Albion, Mich., where he died August 24th, 1876, after a very brief illness.

JOHN P. STODDARD, M. D.,  
Old People's Home,  
Muskegon, Mich.

(In the January 1926 issue of the Magazine was published an article by Dr. Stoddard giving his reminiscences of the campus at Ann Arbor in the days of President Tappan. Dr. Stoddard, so far as known, is the oldest living alumnus of the University of Michigan. He is now upwards of 90 years old and in good health except for the vicissitudes of advanced age.)

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JOHN H. JEWETT of the firm of Mann and Jewett dealers in general merchandise in Piedmont, Mo., in a letter addressed to Arthur S. White, of 611 W. Front St., Traverse City, gives the following interesting accounts of his journeys from Grand Rapids to Traverse City more than fifty years ago:

In 1870 I arrived in Northport from Milwaukee, on a boat operated by the Northern Michigan Transportation company. A small boat operated on the bay carried me to Traverse City. A little row of stores, a grist mill, a saw mill, all owned by Hannah, Lay & Co. comprised the business interests of the place. On a small island (since the site of the Grand Rapids & Indiana depot) 5,000 Indians were encamped awaiting the payment of the annuity due them for lands sold to the General Government. It has been stated that mosquitoes would not sting an Indian but the papooses and dogs of the Indians howled incessantly on account of the voraciousness of the pests.

My next trip to Traverse City was made on the first passenger train to enter that place, early in 1873. Among the travelers besides myself was Johnny McIntyre, who traveled in the interest of a wholesale grocery firm in Grand Rapids, and is well remembered by many pioneers of northern Michigan. Others were Henry M. Hinsdale a merchant of Grand Rapids, Drs. Morgan and Holmes, George E. Pearce of the land department of the railroad, Elliott E. Judd a merchant, Hoyt G. Post, a banker and Robert M. Collins, a miller. We were on the road 36 hours in making the trip from Clam Lake (now Cadillac). Snow had fallen to the depth of three feet. Green wood cut by the train crew as needed and water from creeks dipped with pails kept the engine moving part of the time. We arrived at 9 p. m. hungry as starved wolves and found entertainment at the Gunton House.

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THROUGH the kindness of Mr. F. L. D. Goodrich, Associate Librarian, University of Michigan, a letter written from Michigan by James Fenimore Cooper to his wife is here reprinted, taken from Cooper's *Correspondence*, edited by his grandson J. F. Cooper, published at New Haven by the Yale University Press (1922):

To Mrs. Cooper, Cooperstown  
Detroit, Sunday Afternoon, June 18th, 1848.

Dearest,

At the falls I hear the river is passed constantly in an iron basket, and by means of an iron wire. Last week a young lady of 17 *would* go over. She got into the basket, but as soon as she found herself

suspended over the cliff, she shut both eyes and made two trips, there and back again, without opening either eye for a moment. On landing she began to cry, and cried like an infant for half an hour.

Garrett Smith, wife, son, Dan Fitzhugh, and a niece, a Miss Backus, were among our passengers. Mrs. Smith is so fat I did not recognize her. Altogether, we had a pleasant time of it. The night's work was fatiguing, but I was not as dull Friday as I expected to be. Paocand was in the stage, and he kept up a fire of words the whole distance. Among other things he said, "Madame Colt est une galante femme." Has the word two meanings? Wm. Wadsworth gets no better. His wife has a child, and Miss Elizabeth remains unmarried.

Tell Paul Mr. Hand says that S. Carolina and Georgia will both go for Cass, and in all Northern Ohio the Whigs are out against Taylor. I have no little doubt of Cass' election. He got home only on Thursday, in the night. All the north-west will be strong for him.

Tell him, also, they are getting up a wire over the Horse Shoe, and intend to take people in a basket and suspend them within a few feet of the cataract, in the Mists.

There, I can tell you no more. I am well. The water is good, and the country much in advance of us. Beets, peas, etc., are on the tables. Peas, in abundance, were on the table in Utica. Strawberries in any quantity.

Adieu, with tenderest love to all,

J. F. C.

References to visits made to Michigan by James Fenimore Cooper are very meager and almost entirely lacking in detail. The *Detroit Free Press*, June 26, 1848, says, "We noticed yesterday several distinguished strangers in the city, among them Gerrit Smith, James Fenimore Cooper and Mr. Oglen of Cooperstown." In the *Detroit Daily Advertiser* of June 21, 1849, is found notice of a case in the Circuit Court of the United States, "J. Fenimore Cooper vs. Gibbs and Gordon," with the statement, "This case which has been tried so many times, on account of successive disagreements of the jury, was, on motion of Hand and Godwin, attorneys for the plaintiff, continued, on account of absence of witnesses, to the next term. James F. Joy, attorney for the defendant." Nothing is said in the newspapers as to whether Cooper himself was in Detroit at that time. The *Onsted News*, Sept. 24, 1914, carried

this item, relative to an alleged visit by Cooper to what is now known as "Walker's Tavern" on M-23 near Cambridge Junction:

"In the month of June, 1847, a very distinguished party arrived in Detroit. A large urbane and elegant gentleman, with wife and daughters and servants and two Indian guides and great quantities of baggage, came off the Buffalo boat. It was James Fenimore Cooper, the father, the creator of American romance, the writer of many books read all over the world and translated into no less than 15 different languages. Few books have ever been read more or with greater delight than those of Fenimore Cooper. He had traveled everywhere, had been the cherished guest of nobles and princes, kings and queens of many countries and was a frequent and welcome guest and friend of the venerable Lafayette at his princely chateau near the gay capital of France. A journey of 64 miles overland brought this whole party to the hospitable inn of Mr. and Mrs. Walker. Observe that long row of windows on the south and reaching around beyond your vision at the west. Those are the Cooper rooms. They occupied nearly half of the second floor. In this charming spot they spent much of the summer of 1847. From this place Mr. Cooper made exploring excursions as far west as Kalamazoo and beyond. Like a bee gathering honey he was collecting material for that charming but thrilling tale of *The Oak Openings*. The old bee hunter, a picturesque character in this story, lived the life of a farmer on Little Prairie Ronde for many years after he had been immortalized by this illustrious author. The great room at the southwest corner was the Cooper room, the place where Mr. Cooper prepared the notes for this deeply interesting story."

In the Michigan History Magazine for Oct., 1924, was published a letter from Col. John Millis of Cleveland, Ohio, relative to this alleged visit to the Walker Tavern, according to which the above item seems to draw upon an article in the *Adrian Daily Telegraph*, written by an old resident, Frank S.

Dewey. In 1923 Col. Millis received a letter from Cooper's grandson, editor of *The Correspondence of James Fenimore Cooper*, who writes, "I can find no evidence among my Cooper letters that he ever stopped at the Walker Tavern. All my letters are from Kalamazoo. Of course he may have been there and I have no evidence of it." In another letter the grandson states that *Oak Openings* "was written here at Cooperstown in Jan., 1848."

If anyone has additional data relative to Cooper's visits to Michigan, the Magazine would be glad to print it.

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Dear Editor:

I N thinking over the task I have undertaken, to direct attention to the college enterprise here at Benzonia, with the further notion of later compiling some more complete and historical record of the school, [writes Mr. W. L. Case of Benzonia] it seemed to me appropriate to send you the following brief sketch, to give a rather close-up account of the beginning of things in this movement, in hope that others might help me somewhat by contributions of information that might come in response to my S.O.S. I should be very grateful for any such help from former students and alumni of the college and citizens who lived through the history of this interesting educational enterprise in these parts.

#### THE FOUNDING OF GRAND TRAVERSE COLLEGE AT BENZONIA

Early in 1857, a group of men headed by Rev. Chas. E. Bailey and Dr. Jas. B. Walker, both of Northern Ohio, associated themselves together for the purpose of establishing a Christian Colony and Institution of Learning, to be located in the Grand Traverse Bay region in Northern Michigan.

This was previous to the Civil War, and the Articles of Agreement stated specifically, that it was to be an anti-slavery and pro-temperance institution. The founders of the school were in full sympathy

with the standards controlling the newly established college at Oberlin, Ohio.

The tide of immigration was then setting in strongly for the "New West" and it was the thought that a christian colony and college would afford the best means of doing good and holding for high standards of citizenship in some central area of the new settlements.

The institution was to be of such a character as to afford to young people of both sexes, without distinction of race or color, an opportunity of acquiring a liberal education.

Even before the colony was located, a village plat was prepared in which provision was made for grounds for the college, church, parsonage and public school buildings, also a near-by tract of land for a college farm.

All conveyances of college lands were to contain a clause, forever prohibiting the manufacture, sale or gift of intoxicating liquor.

Twenty-five years later, the courts declared this provision illegal in a warranty deed, yet it remains true that on none of these thousands of acres of land was there ever a saloon of legalized traffic in liquor.

In the spring of 1858, Mr. Charles Bailey, his brother John and Mr. Horace Wolcott, all stockholders came for the first time into this region and landed at Glen Arbor. Here they made their headquarters for several weeks, while they searched the region over for a suitable location.

On one of these trips they followed the shore of Lake Michigan, as far south as the mouth of Betsie River (now Frankfort). Here they turned east, following the course of the river through the dense timber for about eight miles. Then leaving the river valley, they climbed a mountainous hill, and going a little further discovered a fine level area covered with nature's choicest forest trees. Exploring a little further they found that they were then within a mile of the head of Cap (now Crystal) Lake.

This area on an eminence of some two hundred feet above the level of such a beautiful inland lake, so impressed our explorers with the natural beauty of the situation, that they at once determined upon this as the site of the proposed colony.

The party then returned to Glen Arbor, but were compelled by bad weather to stop on a Saturday night at the Point Betsie Light House.

The next morning, with conscientious scruples against traveling on Sunday, Mr. Bailey improved the opportunity to preach to a small audience in a fisherman's shanty. This was the first sermon preached in what is now Benzie County.

The following fall several families came on, and the new settlement was started. In the spring of 1859 a few more new families arrived, and from 1860 to 1863 substantial additions were made, particularly in June 1863, when about sixty new settlers arrived within a period of about three weeks.

The Cong'l church had been organized in June 1860, with Rev. Chas. E. Bailey, pastor.

In the meantime the charter of the new institution of learning, under the title of GRAND TRAVERSE COLLEGE, had been secured, and on the 10th day of June, 1863, the trustees met and effected a legal organization.

The records show that this meeting was attended by the following men as trustees: Revs. Chas. E. Bailey, Jas. B. Walker, Amzi D. Barber, Reuben Hatch and Lucius W. Case.

At this meeting Dr. Walker was elected president and Mr. Bailey secretary and treasurer.

Rev. Reuben Hatch, formerly president of Olivet College, was engaged as principal of the school, and also by the church as its pastor.

Then followed the formal opening of Grand Traverse College. From the very outset the school had a strong constituency, and many young men and women of the region availed themselves of its opportunities, so that for many years the surrounding counties looked to Benzonia to furnish their public school teachers.

A new college building that had been under construction for two or three years was completed in time for the opening of the school in the fall of 1869, and it was dedicated with impressive ceremonies.

With the completion of this building the future of the college seemed very promising and the attendance greatly increased. But the enterprise was destined to be severely tried, for during a memorable night in March, 1874, the entire building was destroyed by fire.

Temporary quarters were secured, and later permanent buildings, and for nearly fifty years longer the school was sustained by the self-sacrificing devotion of its friends and by the loyal patronage of the people.

During later years the type of work was changed to that of an Academy or preparatory school, as it was believed that in this way the institution could give the best practical service to all concerned.

As the years passed, numerous public high schools were established in this region, furnishing a course of study corresponding closely to that of the academy, with the advantage that they were open to students without cost. This caused a corresponding lessening each year of the Academy attendance.



It was realized too that the early tide of immigration that was expected to crowd into Northern Michigan, found the fertile prairie lands of the west more attractive, so that much of the human material which the school was expected to influence, passed out of its reach.

During its more than half a century of work the Benzonia enterprise performed a splendid service. Its influence for good was felt not only in Michigan, but throughout the nation, and the world.

Its active work was suspended several years ago but we believe that it still lives in the lives of many of the men and women who are today leaders in the world's best work.

When the full history of the State of Michigan is written, the Grand Traverse College should feature as an important chapter.

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Dear Editor :

REPLYING to your communication in relation to the founding of the University of Michigan, it is not an easy thing to state when the University was founded. August 26, 1817, the Secretary of Michigan, acting as the Governor thereof, together with the judges of the Territory, enacted that there shall be in said territory a Catholepistemiad or University, denominated the Catholepistemiad or University of Michigan. The same day another act was passed to ascertain the annual salaries of the president, vice president, professors, instructors and instructrixes of the university for the time being. By this act the annual salary of the president of the university was fixed at \$25.00, the vice president \$18.75, and each professor \$12.50 and the salary of each instructor and instructrix \$25.00.

The same day another act was passed making an appropriation for the payment of the annual salaries of the president and professors of the university for the time being in the sum of \$181.25.

On the same day another act was passed appropriating a sum not exceeding \$200 for the payment of the salaries of the instructors and instructrixes appointed by the university.

On the same day an act was passed that in the aid of the resources for constructing buildings for the use of the university there is appropriated from the university fund, a sum not exceeding \$100.

On the same day an act was passed "that for the payment of certain lots of land for the use of the university there is appropriated from the university fund a sum not exceeding \$80.00."

These five acts apparently laid the foundation of the University of Michigania.

November 19, 1817, it was enacted that the sum of \$200 be appropriated for the use of the University of Michigania to be exclusively applied to enclosing the building belonging to said university in the city of Detroit, to be deducted from the amount which may be due from the Territory to the said university at any time hereafter, and to be paid out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated.

September 29, 1817, a treaty was concluded with the Wyandottes at the foot of the rapids of the Miami of Lake Erie, and Article XVI of this treaty recites:

"Some of the Ottawa, Chippewa and Pottawatomy being attached to the Catholic religion, and believing they may wish some of their children hereafter educated, do grant \* \* \* to the corporation of the college at Detroit for the use of said college, to be retained or sold as the said corporation may judge expedient, one-half of three sections of land, to contain 640 acres on the River Raisin at a place called Macon and three sections of land not yet located, which tracts were reserved for the use of the said Indians by the treaty of Detroit in 1807, and the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the Territory of Michigan is authorized on the part of said Indians to select the said tracts of land."

February 8, 1821, the Governor and Judges of the Territory appropriated a sum not exceeding \$300.00 for the payment of

the salary of the President of the University of Michigan for the years 1818, 1819 and 1820.

April 30, 1821, the Governor and Judges of the Territory of Michigan enacted that there be established in the city of Detroit a University for the purpose of educating youth. Twenty-one trustees, of whom the Governor of the Territory should, by virtue of his office, be one, were designated and appointed, and they were made the trustees of the University of Michigan. Eleven of said trustees were constituted a quorum and they were instructed to establish colleges, academies and schools, depending upon the university in their discretion; to make by-laws, rules and regulations for the government of the university; elect a president, and it was provided that the three sections of land granted to the college of Detroit by the treaty of Ft. Meigs, concluded September 29, 1817, shall be vested in said trustees, agreeable to the terms of the grant and by the Territory, and all rights, credits and debts of the corporation established by the Act entitled,—“An Act to establish a Catholepistemiad or University of Michigan” be vested in the corporation created by this act.

On May 20, 1826, Congress made an appropriation of lands for a University in this State. In 1836 Congress provided that the seventy-two sections of land set apart and reserved for the use and support of a university by the act of May 20, 1826, are hereby granted and conveyed to the State, to be appropriated solely to the use and support of such university. The legislature of the State of Michigan by an act approved July 25, 1836, accepted the grant of lands made for university purposes by the Congress of the United States. Section 5 of Article X of the Constitution of 1835 provided that the legislature should take measures for the protection, improvement and disposition of such lands as have been or may hereafter be reserved or granted by the United States to this state for the support of a university and that the funds accruing from the rent or sale of such lands, or from any other source for the

purpose aforesaid, should be and remain a permanent fund for the support of said university. And it was made the duty of the legislature to provide effectual means for the improvement and permanent security of the funds of said university.

All this occurred prior to the admission of the State into the Union, but the Congress of the United States had seated a representative and two senators in Congress elected in the latter part of 1835.

The Act of 1836 providing for the admission of the State into the Union, recites that "the constitution and state government which the people have formed for themselves be and the same is hereby accepted, ratified and confirmed". Other sections of this act provide for the execution of the laws of the United States within the State of Michigan, and finally the act admitting the State was an act to admit the State of Michigan into the Union upon an equal footing with the original states.

The Constitution of the United States does not provide for the creation of new States. It provides for the admission of new States into the Union when they shall be created.

An Act of the Legislative Council of the Territory of Michigan, approved March 1, 1831, provides that vacancies which may hereafter occur in the Board of Trustees of the University of Michigan, shall be filled by nomination from the Governor of the Territory by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council of the Territory. The Act of the Legislative Council of the Territory, approved April 22, 1833, authorized the Governor of the Territory to employ some person deemed competent and suitable to make selection of the sections of land yet remaining unselected of the two townships in the Territory set apart and reserved from sale for the use and support of the University in said Territory, by virtue of the act of Congress, approved May 20, 1826, and to pay for the service of such person such sum as the Governor shall think reasonable, not exceeding \$100.00.

This is an outline of the various laws in relation to the Uni-

versity of Michigan, which precede the act to provide for the organization and government of the University of Michigan, approved March 18, 1837.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM W. POTTER,

Attorney General.

WWP.C

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“WE are very much interested to hear that your Society has been collecting material from the Lake Superior mining districts,” writes Dean Edwin F. Gay, of the Harvard University School of Business, and Chairman of the Business Historical Society, to the Secretary of the Marquette County Historical Society. “It is just the sort of thing which we hope the Business Historical Society can encourage more widely through the country.”

Dean Gay continues: “There are, however, two matters upon which I would ask your co-operation at this time. For the purpose of enlarging our finding list of business material, may I ask you to send me at your convenience information concerning the collection of documents above mentioned which you hold in your Library? Secondly, I note that you have a few duplicate reports of mining companies. The Society would be glad to secure these, and will offer exchange material or purchase the items, according as you desire.”

Mr. C. C. Eaton, Librarian of the Business Historical Society, in letter under date of December 24, 1926, also addresses the Secretary of the Marquette County Historical Society, as follows:

“Our pamphlet collection has grown so rapidly over the last few years that it now numbers more than a million, and it has not been easy to make an accurate catalog of the various classes of pamphlets. We are, however, very much interested in the early history of mining and are eagerly adding to our

collection whatever we can on the subject. If I should find in a few days that we do not have at the moment such reports which we can offer in exchange, would you be willing to send us what duplicates you can spare from your collection either on an outstanding exchange basis or at such a reasonable price that I should be justified in paying you from my library funds?

"I fully agree with you that many such specialized collection as yours can best be built up on the spot with quick reference to the immediate local sources. In our Society it is not our intention to compete in any way with such very necessary and valuable collections. We do wish to establish a home for the overflow from a great many such specialized collections, as well as a more or less centralized deposit where we can build up other special collections and also correlate the information about the work of other societies.

"I can assure you that any assistance or good will that you may want to give us will be very deeply appreciated and I shall hope that very soon you will find opportunity to make use of some of the collections which we will soon store in the new Baker Library of the Harvard Business School."

These letters, addressed to a local historical society in Michigan, speak for the importance of local historical collections fostered by intelligent local effort. The City and County of Marquette are to be congratulated upon their historical enterprise.

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**M**ARQUETTE County Historical Society Exhibit of Indian Curios held in Peter White Library, Marquette, Michigan, January 10-15, 1927.—In December last when the directors of the Marquette County Historical Society met to make arrangements for the Annual Meeting, to be held on January 11th of the current year, they discussed the question of an exhibit of some sort to grace the occasion—and decided

to see what could be done in the way of an Indian collection, which could be quickly brought together by asking for loans of Indian curios, not only from members of the Society but also from any other persons in the county who might wish to contribute.

Had they tried to limit this loan exhibit to articles purely of local historical value, the response might have been meager, but since the object of the collection was simply to serve as a kind of colorful background to the serious business of the evening, they felt that the more variety the better: consequently the *Daily Mining Journal*, our county newspaper, when printing their request for contributions, asked for pottery, beadwork, baskets, arrowheads or any other articles of Indian manufacture, without limitation as to locality or age.

In answer to this request, people began to bring in things, perhaps no more than a pair of mocassins or an old war-club apiece, but in the end the number of curios brought together for display was really astonishing: enough baskets and pottery to fill one large table, beadwork of all kinds covering another, while smaller objects like wampum and arrowheads were crowded into long glass showcases and big things like war-bonnets or papoose-boards hung on the wall.

In all this collection the most interesting, to our mind, were those things having a known local history, such as the "moose-call" of polished stone brought in by Mrs. Robert Selden Rose or the prayer-book in Chippewa with Latin interpolations, from the Merritt collection of the Peter White Library. Among other things, there was one small oval box of birch-bark ornamented with colored porcupine quills, which the owner said had been made by Indians near Munising about 1870. A lady upon catching sight of it exclaimed: "Oh, I haven't seen one of those since I was a little girl—the Indians used to bring them around, packed so full of hard maple sugar that you had to cut it with a knife."

We had also a string of wampum, the property of Miss



Luella Ropes, which was made from bits of that very hard green stone called "Chlorastrolite" ("green star" stone) found only in Isle Royale. Several pieces were shaped like half-moons about three-quarters of an inch in diameter and an eighth of an inch in thickness, with a hole drilled at one end, large enough to permit the passage of a buckskin thong.

The foremost local exhibit, however, was that of a number of prehistoric copper implements, spearheads and scrapers or knives, some of which had been dug up within a few miles of Marquette—one came originally from Ashland, Wisconsin, and another from Gogebic County, but they were all alike in type of workmanship and in a brittle hardness very different from ordinary copper. No one seems to know whether this is the result of oxidation due to their long exposure, or to the use of arsenic in their manufacture, yet the persistent claims of archaeologists that these old copper implements were "tempered", as steel is tempered, meet with nothing but ridicule from men who make the study of metal their life work.

Indeed, so many of these curios had histories worthy of mention, that on the night of the Annual Meeting of the Historical Society we gathered up a basketful of the more interesting ones and asked permission to talk about them at the meeting. The lady in charge took each article in turn, told its story briefly and then gave it over to the audience who passed it from hand to hand so that everyone had an opportunity to study and examine each thing personally.

During the week that this Indian Exhibit was open to the public, hundreds of people from all over the county came in to see it and made those responsible feel that the work they had done in getting it assembled had not been wasted. The most unexpected feature of this large attendance was the great enthusiasm shown by the school-children—they came again and again, bringing others with them until the rooms of the Society became so crowded that one day it was necessary to ask the children to form in line and advance in double file,

the little ones close to the show cases, and the taller ones looking over their shoulders.

It was not only that they came in such numbers but that they knew so much—one small boy, probably a scout, explained to us the differences in the make of half a dozen different types of mocassins and told us to which tribe each belonged; another asked us please not to put a label reading "tomahawk" on what was really a squaw-club, while others assured us that the carved ornaments of horn on the medicine man's necklace were made of "deer's toes"!

When the time came it seemed a shame to dismantle the collection and return the various pieces to their owners, for while it had been gathered together merely as a sort of decoration for the annual meeting of the Historical Society it turned out to be far more than that, for it brought a thrill of pleasure to hundreds of persons here, both young and old, who in the narrow circle of life in a country town, seldom have the chance to see and enjoy things such as these—things that bring with them out of the Past a flavor of savage romance and of freedom from the treadmill of the Present.—Contributed by Helen S. Paul, Marquette.

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THE Michigan Historical Society will hold its annual meeting July 28-29, at Mackinac Island and St. Ignace.

The opening session, on Thursday afternoon, July 28, will be held at St. Ignace, in the historical old church known as the Old Church Building. This session will mark the formal reopening of this historic edifice which was the second mission church at St. Ignace, and was opened as a house of worship in 1837. This entire session will be given in commemoration of the 250th anniversary of the burial of Father Marquette on the site of the old St. Ignace Mission and the 50th anniversary of the discovery of his grave. Rev. John T. Holland of St.

Ignace will preside, and addresses will be given by Rev. Wm. F. Gagnieur, S.J., of Sault Ste. Marie, and Rt. Rev. P. J. Nussbaum, D.D., Bishop of Marquette. Music will be furnished by the St. Ignace orchestra, and by the choir of St. Ignatius Church.

On Friday afternoon, July 29, a program will be given in the auditorium of the Grand Hotel on Mackinac Island, in which addresses will be given by Mr. J. E. Jopling of Marquette, and Dr. Milo M. Quaife of Detroit. Mr. Walter F. Gries of Ishpeming will tell some incidents and stories of Cornish life in the Upper Peninsula.

Both of these sessions will be open to the general public. William L. Clements of Bay City, president of the Society, will preside at the Mackinac Island meeting. The annual business meeting will be held at this session.

Members of the Historical Society are cordially invited to attend the dinner meetings of the Michigan Authors Association which will be held at the Grand on the evenings of July 28-29. Among the speakers will be Mr. James Schermerhorn of Detroit, Mr. Ivan Swift of Harbor Springs, Mr. Harold Titus of Traverse City, and Mr. Arnold Mulder of Holland, president of the Association. Dinner tickets may be obtained from the Secretary-Treasurer, George N. Fuller, Lansing.

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Dear Editor:

THERE is much of interest in the question about Mme. La Framboise, on page 311 of the April number of the Michigan History Magazine. It was one which I had discussed at one time with the late Mrs. James H. Campbell, who had made a careful study of the events of Mme. La Framboise's interesting career. At that time, Mrs. Campbell was of the opinion that Mme. La Framboise was the person referred to by Margaret Fuller. Whether she afterward changed that

opinion I do not know. I have never found any other character in the history of Mackinac Island to whom it could apply. You will be interested in a reference in Wau-Bun, by Mrs. Kinzie (page 23 of the 1901 edition of Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago) where the name of the woman fur-trader is given.

It may be noted that when Margaret Fuller was first at Mackinac Island, she stayed at a boarding-house, "many traders were there, etc." When she returned from a short trip to the "Soo", she found awaiting her "the face of one whom I called friend". This friend, the woman of the sketch-book goes by the name of "S." in the "Summer on the Lakes". Evidently Margaret did not go back to the boarding-house, but stayed elsewhere with her, although this is not certain. Her companion, S., was Sarah Clark, the sister of James Freeman Clark, both of whom accompanied her most of the way on her summer's travels. A careful examination of the works of James Freeman Clark might yield an account of the island sojourn.

Recently, in the course of other searches, I have seen reference to Mme. La Framboise as part French. The record given in the History of the Upper Peninsula, Western Historical Society, Chicago, 1883 (Old Marriage Register, Mackinac Island and St. Ignace) pages 370, 371, 372, bears this out, I think.

Page 372, "July 11, 1804, Joseph La Framboise and Magdalaine Marcot, son of Jean Baptiste and Marguerite (La Bissoniere) La Framboise; daughter of (see entry 49, page 370) Jean Baptiste Marcot and Marie Neskeck, July 24, 1758.

I did not copy in my book the entry 49 referred to. I think it refers to the marriage record of J. B. Marcot and M. Neskeck. The book is in the Michigan State Library.

The name Neskeck is undoubtedly Indian; Marcot, probably French. This would make Mme. La Framboise half-French, half-Indian. From many of her characteristics and her his-

tory, this seems more probable than that she was pure Indian, though not so romantic.

MARION M. DAVIS,  
Pittsburgh, Penna.

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IN the April issue of the Magazine reference was made to action initiated by former Governor Chase Osborn and supported by the Chippewa Historical Society to change the name of the city of Sault Ste. Marie back to its earlier form "Sault de Ste. Marie." Asked for an explanation of the charge that the "de" was dropped from the name of the city to forward the political fortunes of one person, Judge Charles H. Chapman who is secretary of the Society states that the person referred to was William Webster, former postmaster who it was claimed caused the "de" to be dropped near the end of his term in order to further his reappointment. Mr. Webster is now deceased but according to Judge Chapman, he laughingly admitted the allegation after his reappointment. The Society has taken up the matter of the change with Postmaster General New.

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*Dunes*  
JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT, The Chicago Tribune's word painter, has discovered, during a tour of the east shore of Lake Michigan, unique shrines and historic points with which few inhabitants of the region are acquainted. At Muskegon he has found the grave of the man with the branded hand, whose experience as a friend of the slaves inspired Whittier's poem. There, too, he has found huge pine forests buried beneath the shifting dunes, and at Saugatuck he has been apprised of the story of old Singapore, a lumbering town, which now is buried beneath the dunes. Bennett counts these places of strange history a part of the attraction of Western Michigan. He is right; and he has only half told the story.

At Port Sheldon yet may be seen the shattered remains of the Port Sheldon bubble, a city built by visionary Eastern capitalists. Their dream didn't materialize, and even the mammoth hotel became a ruin. On the North side of Grand river at its mouth is Dewey hill, a mighty dune, beneath which is buried the original town of Grand Haven. The railroad once entered the prosperous mill center at this point. But the sand encroached; Grand Haven moved across the river, the railroad with it. Near Grand Haven is Five Mile hill where an ancient robber band—so says tradition—buried its rich plunder. Nobody ever has found the plunder, although many have dug for it; but the story still is alluring.

Old Rosymound, between Grand Haven and Holland, has its story. Farther North there is Sleeping Bear, an ominous moving dune near the many-storied Manitou islands. Ludington and the Pere Marquette river valley are rich with the lore of Father Marquette. Near Baldwin are the grim foundations of what was once the boom city of Marlborough with its elaborate hotel and gardens in which a fairy fountain played.

All of these are a part of Michigan's resort assets. Yet we forget them. Only at Mackinac are they given proper prominence. The battered fortress, the spot where the British landed, lover's leap, etc., all have their stories readily recalled for the interest of visiting tourists. When the Michigan Tourist and Resort association meets in Manistee next month it might, with wisdom, appoint a committee to unearth these ancient shrines and traditions and catalogue them for use in coming summer seasons.—Editorial, *Grand Rapids Herald*.

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MOTTVILLE'S old wooden covered bridge which has spanned the St. Joseph River since 1867, is about to be wrecked. It has been replaced by a new three-arched concrete structure to carry travelers forward on M-13 to Niles and

Chicago. It is one of only three covered bridges in Michigan. Covered bridges are common in Ohio and in the East, but the only other two in Michigan are at Ada, in Kent County, over the Thornapple. These, too, it is said, are doomed.

The average human fails to recognize historic values, and as the average town board is generally composed of average men, the average result may be looked for. They have sold the old bridge, built of tough old white oak timbers, for what it would bring, and will put the money into the treasury. This may save each taxpayer in the township 15 cents on his taxes. To let the staunch old bridge stand should harm no one, and a hundred years from now its lessons of the past would be invaluable. But the average human doesn't care to look ahead that far.

For humanity sweeps onward, where today the Martyr stands;  
Tomorrow crouches Judas, with the silver in his hands.  
And the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return  
To gather up the ashes, for History's golden urn.

—*Current School Topics.*

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CLARA D. PIERSON, well known writer of juvenile stories and books, turns her hand to a "pome," as she modestly calls it, written to make good fun for a meeting of the Louis Joseph Montcalm Chapter D.A.R. of Montcalm County. It is good fun but there is meat in it too, and we are indebted to Mary E. Fish, historian of the chapter, for this copy, which we pass on to our readers:

#### MONTCALM COUNTY

*poem*  
What is Montcalm County, and where is it, and why?  
How can these points be treated well by such a one as I?  
Surely none but native sons, or daughters, if you please,  
Are qualified rightly to deal with questions such as these.  
Or, if native scribes be lacking, some scholar should essay  
To record its evolution down to the present day.



Yet, when the program-makers speak we bow to their decree.  
Respect for all authority was meant for such as we.  
Good citizenship requires it. I fill my fountain pen  
And search full many a ponderous tome to learn about the men  
And women whose high courage conquered the wilderness  
And made for us a peaceful land from their own strain and stress.

The history of a child begins long years before its birth  
And something similar is true of this part of our earth,  
For, when the mighty glaciers from Canada's northeast  
Came creeping slowly down this way, counties were the least  
Concern of all the forces that made our pleasant land,  
And yet, the glaciers brought us the soil on which we stand.

Your scribe makes no pretensions to be a high-brow sage,  
Yet she ventures the assertion that, in that early age,  
No chilly-footed mammoth who picked his clumsy way  
Across the slowly creeping ice but dreamed that it would stay  
Just ice, cold, slippery, glacial ice for mammoths to enjoy.  
He never dreamed of people—of the cave man and his boy.

A thousand years were as a day, and the earliest gravel train  
Ran on a slow but sure schedule not planned by human brain.  
It brought the soil, it brought the stones and mighty boulders too,  
It made the till-plains for our farms, left drumlins for the view  
And reared great eskers where we send our road-trucks for their loads  
Of glacial drift whereof to build our vaunted gravel roads.

Moraines it left whose gentle swells make our finest landscape roll  
And carved for future streams and lakes full many a groove and bowl.  
And then the glaciers melted and the mammoths passed away,  
And cave men fought and hunted where the mastodon bones lay.  
Perhaps a dinosaur has frisked upon our Court House site,  
And sportive ichthyosauria danced here in the pale moonlight.

The cave man wooed his sweetheart then. He caught her unaware,  
He stunned her with his bludgeon and dragged her by the hair.  
There is no strong presumption of a prehistoric kiss,  
And bearing him a sturdy brood was her connubial bliss.  
He fought and stuffed and hunted. She cooked and made the fire.  
The children scrapped and snatched and growled and tumbled in the mire.

Were those the good old times? Alas, they had no P. T. A.,  
No O. E. S., no D. A. R., no national holiday.  
The tribal spirit was not born. It was each man for himself.  
No caucus nominated or put men on the shelf.  
But, when the noble red man came to this happy hunting land,  
He fought and lived in tribal groups and yielded to command.

We don't know how he got here, but, if we're up to date,  
We incline to talk of Israelites being blown o'er Behring Strait.  
We think the "lost tribes" landed upon the western strand  
And multiplied and fought their way across this mighty land.  
They lived upon the country and they learned to organize,  
And, in their simple Indian way, they proved distinctly wise.

Their arrowheads are in our soil, their trails we love to mark;  
We treasure Indian handicraft of doe-skin or of bark.  
Our camp-fire girls have Indian names, so, likewise, has our lake,  
And cottages bear Indian signs—either real or fake—  
Yet we do not want the Indian here—his tepee we laid low.  
And on the spot where once it stood we rear a bungalow.

The French came next, a gallant folk, the trader and the priest.  
They bought their furs and wed their squaws and friendliness increased,  
But, since they would not till the soil nor learn to pioneer,  
The English drove the Frenchmen out and put their flag up here.  
The fleur-de-lys took shallow root in this particular spot  
And when the British standard came the fleur-de-lys was *not*!

The soldiers fought, the soldiers died, and mingled dust with dust,  
And then the Yankee trooper rose and sang "*Our cause is just.*"  
He conquered (as he always does) and carried off the palm,  
But lo, the Frenchman left his mark—our county is *Montcalm*.  
And in the veins of many a man, American and true,  
Flow healthy streams of alien blood, French and English too.

For soldiers came and some remained in this land of sun and shade  
And many a foreign sergeant married a Yankee maid.  
Their children sang the *Marseillaise* or hummed *God Save the Queen*,  
And sometimes played *The Land o' the Leal* or *The Wearing of the Green*,  
But, when *Yankee Doodle* sounded forth from band or drum and fife,  
They raised their voices good and loud, ex-soldier, children, wife.

They took up land and worked it well, they built with log and shake,  
They spun and wove, made tallow dips, won food from land and lake,  
And, though their life was hard and strait, they followed the Yankee rule  
Holding a bee to build a church and another to build a school.  
Perhaps some corn went to whiskey stills, perhaps some grapes made  
wine—

'Twas before the days of the Volstead Act and modern distrust of the  
vine.

And, if each home had its poppy patch and a child came forth each day  
Bringing a needle to gash the heads, bearing opium away,  
It was because the doctor, though summoned with all speed,  
Might have to travel a day and a night on his weary, faithful steed  
Before he could set the broken bones, coming through wind and rain,  
And opium could deaden the hurt or ease the childbirth pain.

The lumber barons sought the spot, their cruisers haunted the woods,  
And many an eastern man came out, bringing his wife and goods.  
The lumber mills were busy then, sending up plumes of steam,  
And winter months saw thousands of logs banked along the stream.  
The work was rough and the homes were plain, but the neighborliness  
was fine

And many a loyal friendship grew in the land of the falling pine.

And, when the pine was cleared away, the new immigration came  
From Germany and from Denmark to have a hand in the game.  
Fritz and Lena raised their crops and raised big families too;  
They brought their good Teutonic thrift and virtues not a few.  
Denmark's sons and daughters came, with Scandinavian skill,  
And raised fine crops on many a field that a Yankee would not till.

Others came, in smaller groups, and each had his bit to give;  
Each had his own peculiar art in managing to live,  
And helpfulness, and not distrust, was the rule of that far-off day  
When "Each for all and all for each" was the motto in work and play.  
Shoulder to shoulder, Briton and Yank, the German and the Dane,  
Whether they told their sins to the priest or worshiped in protestant  
fane.

\* \* \* \* \*

We have a county with riches blest, riches drawn from the past,  
And who shall say we deserve it all, or whether our wealth will last?  
We build a road from the glacial drift, perhaps give it an Indian name,  
We till broad fields that our forefathers cleared and pride ourselves  
one the same;

We herd our flocks nor fear the wolves, banished so long ago,  
But do we think of the pioneers who tracked them in the snow?

Do we keep alive the fine old trait of love for our fellow man,  
Whether he has our ways or not, or whether he joins our clan?  
When riches increase and learning grows, do we cling to the simple life  
Holding material blessings less than freedom from social strife?  
If we treasure the best that the past built up and win the victor's palm  
Then, serene and blest, we deserve to rest on the bosom of Montcalm.

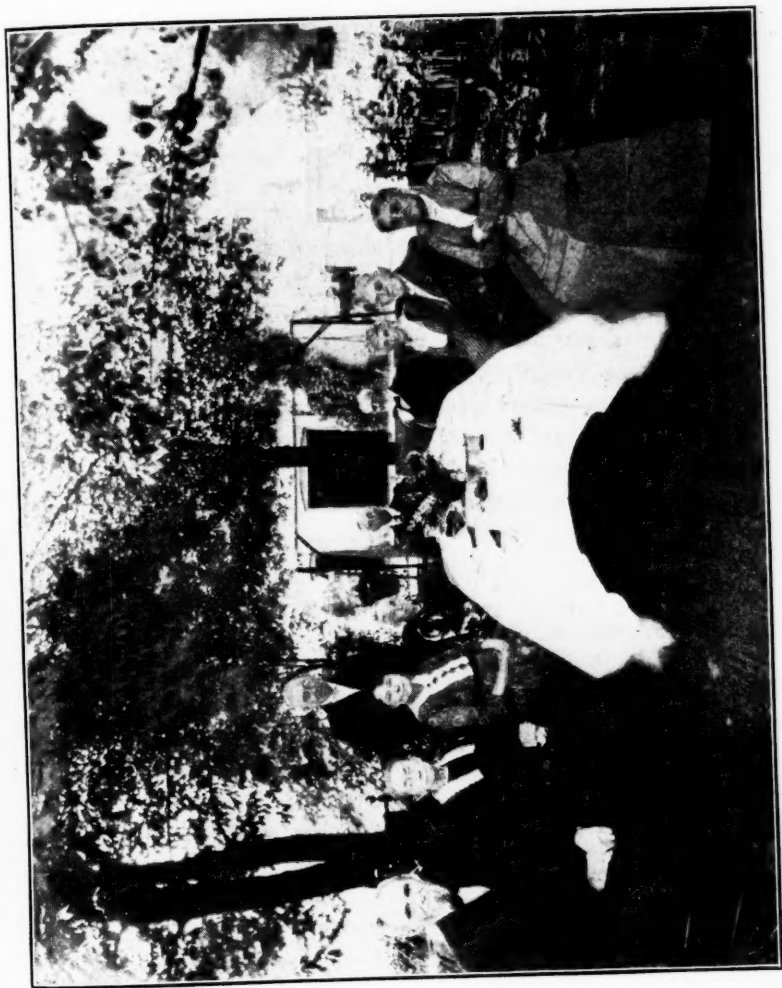
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**I**N the "good old summer time" the pioneers gather to renew friendships and talk over the "far away and long ago." This group met near the home of Daniel Strange, Grand Ledge, in 1926. Of these 10, five have since entered their long rest.

From left to right, H. M. Carman and wife (son of Geo. P. Carman, early pioneer and, for many years, Supervisor of Windsor). Daniel Strange and wife and sister, Mary and husband, (children of John Strange, with the earliest pioneers who entered Oneida in 1836, but not the first settler, since he returned east and did not settle here until 1838). Chas. M. Preston and wife, (son of Sam'l Preston, the first or second settler in Oneida in early spring of 1837, cutting his pathway to his future home through eight miles of trackless forest). J. M. Potter and wife (son of Linas Potter who settled where Potterville now is, cutting his entrance pathway four miles and having no neighbors nearer. He was the father of seven children including the late Senator Geo. N. Potter and T. E. Potter, late of Lansing).

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**T**HE annual meeting of the Pioneer Society of Shiawassee County, at Corunna, brought out one of the largest crowds this year that has ever gathered for a program of the organization since its inception. The Circuit Court room was crowded to the doors, and additional seats brought into the room could barely accommodate those who had gathered from



A Pioneer Reunion

all parts of the county to honor the pioneers. Charles W. Shipman acted as chairman of the meeting and was elected president of the organization for the coming year. Other officers elected were A. L. Beard, Morrice, vice-president; Mrs. Etta Killian, Carland, historian; Mrs. Glenn Haggerty, Corunna, secretary-treasurer.

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EXPANSION of activities and membership to include high school students was the keynote of the annual meeting of the Bay County Historical Society. The following officers were elected for the coming year: President, George E. Butterfield; First Vice-President, Mrs. Martha McCabe; Second Vice-President and Curator, C. S. Thomas; Third Vice-President, John De Young; Secretary, Mrs. Homer Buck; Treasurer, Miss Francis Merrill; and Directors, W. L. Clements, H. E. Buck, John Donovan, John L. Stoddard and James Donnelly.

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THE Monday Club of Tecumseh is engaged in planning for a boulder with a bronze tablet in memory of Abi Evans, the first home maker in Lenawee County, according to Mrs. C. H. Williamson, who is president of the Club. At a recent meeting of the Club a paper on "Early Transportation" was read by Mrs. William Waldron. A paper on Lenawee County was read by Mrs. E. T. Armstrong, contrasting pioneer and present day life.

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IN the current number of the *Mississippi Valley Historical Review*, this from the pen point of its genial editor Dr. Milo M. Quaife:

When does the "dead past" become moribund? Never, apparently, as long as there is anyone among the living who finds

any conceivable reason for resurrecting it. In the most strenuous Chicago mayoralty campaign of recent memory, one of the leading issues which the Republican candidate featured was the tyranny of George III. In flaring advertising headlines the "tongue of Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr" was excoriated, and the "blistering indictment" of "The American Historical Society" concerning the improper teaching of our Revolutionary War period in the public schools was held up for the approbation of the electorate. Perusal of the membership of the Historical Society's committee which sat in judgment upon the history texts in use in Chicago discloses such names as Teichmann, O'Toole, O'Riordan, Smulski, McGarry, and Sieszynski, all, apparently, residents of Chicago. That so many historical authorities of renown should be found in a single city speaks well for the culture of the metropolis of our unsalted seas. With the outcome of the mayoralty campaign we have no concern; its method of conduct throws interesting light upon the question with which we began; when—if ever—does the dead past really become dead?

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TWO very interesting stories, illustrating early life in this region, are told by Dr. Quaife in the *Burton Historical Collection Leaflet* for March and May. One is the story of Aaron Greeley on early surveyors of Detroit in the period of 1806-1820; the other a thrilling Indian tale of "Two Captives of Old Detroit," James and Mary Moore, and the tragic fate of members of this family in Indian captivity about the time of the American Revolution. Copies of these narratives can be obtained from the Detroit Public Library.



**H**ALF a mile north of the village of Climax stands an old homestead with an interesting history. Its age and quaint architecture seldom fail to attract the attention of visitors, but not all of them know that the place was a station on the Underground railway of slavery days.

As nearly as can be ascertained, the house was built by Isaac Pierce before 1850. The sills were cut from timber land three miles south, and hauled by ox teams to the farm where they were hewn into shape. The place was quite a mansion in its day and had a large hall on the second floor where dances were held.

The owner himself was a progressive man and when the Grand Trunk Railway—earlier known as the Peninsular Road—was surveyed, he bought stock in the company and gave the right of way across the corner of his farm. The story is told in connection with the building of the road of how on the day when the track was to reach Climax a picnic dinner was planned. In order that the track might be finished before dinner time, everyone who would do so carried rails to hasten the work. Isaac Pierce cut saplings and stuck them in the ground to provide shade for the crowd. Then after dinner, everyone sitting on flat cars was given a free ride to Battle Creek.

The old Pierce homestead goes by the name of "Lone Pine Farm" because of the single pine tree in the yard brought from the north by a son of Isaac Pierce.

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**W**HILE history tells us that the Republican Party in the United States had its inception "Under the Oaks" in Jackson, where now is the intersection of Franklin and Third streets, the old Bronson building, which soon will be razed to make way for the new 13-story edifice of the Jackson City Bank, perhaps deserves as much credit as the birthplace of the G. O. P., as does the former oak grove on "Morgan's Forty."

For it was in the old Bronson Hall on the third floor of the old building, which once served the city as a dance hall and theater, that the famous first meeting of the Republican Party was actually held. It was on July 6, 1854, that Whigs and Democrats alike from all parts of Southern Michigan gathered in Jackson to take a definite stand against abrogation of the Missouri Compromise and the spread of slavery to states north of the Mason-Dixon line. The day was warm, and Bronson Hall was packed with indignant humanity until it overflowed into the streets. With windows wide open, those within the hall found it difficult to breathe. Oratory was almost torture in the sweltering atmosphere. The organization, it is recorded had been practically completed, when someone suggested that the meeting adjourn to the oak grove on "Morgan's Forty," near the old Jackson County race course, where the quiet shade and cooling breezes would be more conducive to constructive thought and consistent oratory.

At any rate "Under the Oaks" happened to be a more poetic phrase than Bronson Hall, and the old building therefore lost much of its historical significance in connection with the birth of the Republican Party. But among old timers the memory of the part it played is retained and these look upon the passing of the building with keen regret, feeling that an historic landmark is about to pass from sight without the full recognition which is its due.—*Jackson Citizen Patriot*.

## AMONG THE BOOKS

**THE TRAIL BLAZERS: PIONEERS OF THE NORTHWEST.** By Lawton B. Evans. Illustrated by Oliver Kemp. Published by the Milton Bradley Co., Springfield, Mass., 1925, pp. 282. Price \$1.75.

It would be hard to find in American history a more romantic figure than George Rogers Clark, the central figure of this story. His achievement, patriotism and heroism rank him high among the pioneers. *The Trail Blazers* makes a stirring tale for young and old alike. Mr. Evans has the art of the real story teller. No doubt the narrative is somewhat heightened in places for dramatic effect but it is true to fact in the main. With the idealism and thrilling interest of these rugged, rough conquerors of the wilderness, brave, tenacious, high-principled, we are carried along through adventures of which every boy dreams. A reading of this book should bring a deeper appreciation of the pioneers who carved an empire out of the wilderness.

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**THE FUR HUNTERS OF THE FAR WEST.** Edited with historical introduction and notes by Milo Milton Quaife, Detroit Public Library. The Lake Side Press, Chicago. R. R. Donnelly and Sons Co., 1924, pp. 317.

The narrative in this little classic is delightfully intimate. The picturesque traders in their fur-laden canoes, encountering first friendly and then hostile Indians, belong to that far-away world of romantic adventure in North America which we of today can recreate only through literature. The story here given continues the narrative of Alexander Ross's adventures as presented in the Lake Side Classics reprint entitled *Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon or Columbia River* which was issued in 1923. That narrative dealt with the same theme as Washington Irving's *Astoria*, the laying of the foundations of civilization on the banks of the great river of the American Northwest in the years 1810-1813; the present volume carries the story forward to the year 1822. Other explorers and Indian traders in this region may have had perhaps more noteworthy or epoch-making experiences, but none could tell their story better than Ross. The present volume is of special value as source material, since it is our only first-hand journal for the period covered. In its present neat edition it is a fine addition to the available printed literature of the Far Northwest.

**G**EORGE ROGERS CLARK. By Temple Bodley. Houghton Mifflin Co., N. Y., 1926. Price \$5.

A creditable piece of historical writing, based upon an extensive use of original source material bearing upon the achievements of George Rogers Clark. It emphasizes the importance of his noteworthy military campaigns; his idea of counteracting the use of the Indians against the colonists by England, bitterly assailed by the Declaration of Independence and scathingly denounced by Lord Chat-ham, by the capture and control of the white settlements in the Mississippi Valley. Clark imagined this to be the surest means of protecting the frontier settlements from Indian attack, and diminishing British influence among the savages.

The picturesque and successful campaigns against Kaskaskia, Cahokia and Vincennes are without a parallel in American history; the latter of which forms the background of Maurice Thompson's *Alice of Old Vincennes*. This book brings out clearly the struggles of the various land companies not only to obtain land west of the Allegheny Mountains, but to control the settlers and the Continental Congress; and the importance of Clark's campaigns by which the North West Territory, probably the richest part of the United States in agricultural resources, timber, coal, iron and copper, was secured to the United States.

Particular attention is given the attacks upon Clark by General Wilkinson, the "greatest skunk in American history"; Clark's condemnation by the legislature of the state of Virginia whose influence he broadened and whose domain he enlarged; as well as his final vindication at the hands of the legislature of his native state.

It is preeminently a piece of historical writing. There are few flights of fancy in it. The writer has adhered closely to the facts revealed by the original sources. It is calm, analytical, and supported by ample citations of authority, without which a work, however perfect from a literary standpoint, is worthless to the historical investigator.

Altogether, this seems to be the most complete and best supported biography of one of America's great men, the master empire builder of the West.—Reviewed for the Magazine by William W. Potter, Attorney General of Michigan.

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**G**EORGE CROGHAN AND THE WESTWARD MOVEMENT, 1741-1782. By Albert T. Volveller. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, 1926, pp. 370. Price \$6.

George Croghan was one of the most interesting pioneer characters

of the Ohio region previous to the Declaration of Independence. Indian trader, land speculator, projector of inland colonies, his trading operations extended throughout the upper Ohio region. The activities which radiated from them constituted one of the chief causes of the French aggression in the Ohio Valley from 1749 to 1754. Croghan was employed as an agent to help stem this aggression, both by the Colonists and by the British. Sir William Johnson depended upon him especially to conduct important and delicate negotiations with the Indians, an illustration of which may be quoted from the present volume:

"The occupation of the important French fort and town of Detroit was more difficult. Croghan prepared the natives for it by sending Indian emissaries from Fort Pitt to the tribes around Detroit months before the English army started. On October 21, 1760, Croghan again left Fort Pitt with a band of friendly Indians for Presque Isle. Here he joined the expedition under Major Robert Rogers which was to occupy Detroit. The French and Indians at Detroit had been good neighbors as long as the Indians living in 1760 could remember. It was, therefore, with great alarm and confusion that the savages heard of the coming of Rogers. Whenever the expedition stopped, Croghan assembled the neighboring Indians in order to establish friendly relations. At one conference he met the Ottawa chief, Pontiac, then of no special prominence. The fact that Croghan had traded here in years past helped to prevent attacks. Upon one occasion, Croghan wrote in his journal that they met some Ottawa Indians 'who received us very kindly they being old Acquaintances of mine.' Near Sandusky Bay, the deputies whom Croghan had dispatched to Detroit brought delegations from the Wyandots, Ottawas and Potawatomi to meet the English. A formal conference followed, in which the Indians promised to be friendly, to return their English prisoners, and to furnish deputies to accompany Rogers to Michillimackinac. The English agreed to reopen trade and presented gifts. Detroit was soon reached and occupied. Another Indian conference was held similar to the previous one. From Detroit a detachment was sent to occupy Fort Miami on the Maumee. It was accompanied by an interpreter whom Croghan had provided with instructions, speeches, wampum, and presents. When Rogers set out to occupy Michillimackinac, Croghan assisted him in the same way. Winter, however, forced his return and this post was not occupied till 1761. Croghan with a few Indians and whites returned by canoe to Sandusky Bay. From here they proceeded on horseback along the 'Great Trail' and arrived at Fort Pitt on January 7, 1761. 'The Western Indians would never have

suffered us to take possession of Detroit but from the precaution I took in sending Mr. Croghan to prepare them for it' wrote Johnson."

From one point of view, the history of the United States until the twentieth century is the story of a long struggle for the possession of a continent. In this struggle, George Croghan was one of the leaders of the vanguard of that mighty host which made the great march across the continent and carved an empire out of an uncharted wilderness.

The present story of Croghan's career, is supplied with an analytical index, and three specially prepared colored maps showing Croghan's land operations and Indian activities. The work is handsomely printed in large type on handmade paper, deckle-edged. This volume is issued in an edition of 1000 copies, and according to the publishers, it will not be reprinted. The author is Professor of History in the University of Indiana.

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**T**HE FRONTIER IN AMERICAN LITERATURE. By Lucy Lockwood Hazard, Dep't. of English, Mills College, Calif. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., N. Y., 1927, pp. 308. Price \$2.75.

Miss Hazard is peculiarly fitted to undertake the task that is here accomplished, having been born in New England and brought up in the Far West, and educated at the University of California from which she has taken the higher degrees in English. In her outdoor life she is herself something of a pioneer, building a rustic home in the hills near where Joaquin Miller lived and where she came in touch with various frontier types. The viewpoint of the book is somewhat new, yet characteristic of the new interest in the frontier, mental and spiritual as well as geographical. The author shows that American literature has followed the frontier and changed with it.

Her first frontier is New England, and the literature of the Puritans,—exhortations, homilies, and chronicles of early divines and explorers, with later the imaginative interpretations of Puritan life by Hawthorne and others. The second frontier is the South, whose hospitable ways are contrasted with the stern and forbidding aspects of puritanism. Then follow the frontiers of the hunter and trapper, and the contributions of Irving Cooper, and John G. Neihardt. The "golden age of transcendentalism" is touched upon, with Thoreau and Walt Whitman, showing the transcendental idealization of frontier traits and the transcendentalists as spiritual pioneers. The "Psychic West," as she calls the "frontier of '49," produced Brete Hart and Mark Twain. With the age of industrial pioneering appear the masters

of capital and the interpreters of industrialism, among them Robert Herrick and Theodore Dreiser. The exploiters of the soil appear, with their literary counterparts, Hector St. John Crèvecoeur, Hamlin Garland, Frank Norris, and Willa Cather. The concluding chapter is entitled, "The Coming Age of Spiritual Pioneering."

The factors differentiating the present from the past in American letters are in this volume well brought out. The Puritan in his sermons and chronicles, the South in its romanticism, the New England of transcendental days, are shown to have been satisfied with things as they were. Life was simple. With the expansion of the American frontier a note of dissatisfaction creeps in and with it the tragic contrasts develop. Herrick and Dreiser point these out. Today in American fiction there is a note of pessimism. Is this perhaps evidence of the nearness of a new optimism? Miss Hazard closes her book with this arresting paragraph:

"With these modern prophets of new gospels, the cycle of the frontier is complete. It began with a little group of obstinate zealots who in their obsession with spiritual pioneering almost forgot to mention the conditions of the actual frontier. As the frontier moved westward it offered freedom and elbow room to the lover of open spaces, release from social exactions to the incompetent, outlet for primitive instincts to the passionate; it promised adventure and wealth to the fur trapper; it guaranteed security and domestic satisfaction to the homestead farmer; it lent plausibility to the gradiose generalizations of the transcendentalists and their logical successors, the pragmatists. It scattered its largesse before the financier. And now when the frenzy of exploration and exploitation is over, out of the momentary reaction of depression, sounds again, sometimes fanatical, absurd and intolerant as on the Puritan frontier, but animated by the same ring of faith, the same conviction of boundless opportunity, the cry of spiritual pioneering."

The style of this volume is admirably clear and forceful. Its pages are enlivened with penetrating sallies. Every chapter is fresh and stimulating; each is followed by a brief bibliography, and a general bibliography is given at the end of the book. This fresh study of one phase of American letters is a fine piece of creative scholarship and is in itself a worthy contribution to American literature.



**I**SLANDERS. By Helen Hull. Macmillan Co., N. Y., 1927, pp. 312. Price \$2.50.

A novel with a Michigan setting. Miss Hull, a teacher of English in Columbia University, is a native of Lansing, and a member of the Michigan Authors Association. Michigan readers are already familiar with her fiction, especially the novels *Quest*, *Labyrinth*, and *The Surrey Family*, with which she has won a distinguished place in American *Belles Lettres*.

Miss Hull writes to the reviewer: "I appreciate your interest in *Islanders*, and hope that you will like the book. It is only incidentally an historical novel, as my chief interest is in the character of Ellen, and the effect which changing conditions of life have had upon women. The background for the first part of the book is Michigan in the years between the forties and the Civil War period. The original idea for the opening situation came from a letter which my father showed me, written in the forties by a woman in southern Michigan to her husband in California, giving him news of the family which he had left when he joined the gold seekers. The details of the setting came largely from the kind of general knowledge which anyone growing up in Michigan must accumulate, knowledge gathered from stories of one's elders about the way things used to be. I have always been interested in the amazing rapidity with which Michigan changed from the pioneer conditions of the early part of the nineteenth century into the state which I knew as a child. As I began the novel while I was in Cortina, in the Italian Alps, I had no access to any kind of historical authorities. When I returned to this country, Father obtained for me from the State Library at Lansing a little volume on Michigan up to 1840, a book published before 1850, I think. From that I checked up various details such as the extent of wooded land, the beginning of railroads, the condition of banking, even such a trivial thing as the use of Indian ponies. As you will see, all of this is incidental material. The setting of the early part of the book is no definite village. Coldspring is any small town in the southern part of the state. The characters are entirely imaginary; so far as I am able to judge, not one of them has any prototype in real existence. Of course I hope that many of them are real enough to suggest possible prototypes in reality."

William Allen White, reviewing this volume for the *Gazette* (Emporia, Kansas), says: "*Islanders* are women, generic women, planted in the current of life and yet not of life, apart from life, washed by the tides and floods of life, yet always outside of life. This is one of the best books of the year, a thoughtful book beautifully written,

a penetrating book which should be provocative of considerable earnest and intelligent discussion. The chief 'Islander' is 'Ellen Dacey,' the mainstay of the family when her father, brother and lover join the California gold rush in the '40's. Yet no mere novel of manners and times is this. The story flows on from the 40's up through the last century to well toward its close. 'Ellen Dacey' develops. She uses her influence to prevent her young niece from becoming an islander and steers her into the current where she may have full scope for her talents. The new world and its problems working on the old problems of women's physical being and her function as a torchbearer of the light of life have never been better contrasted than Helen Hull has contrasted them in this book. It is a thoroughly fine piece of work."

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**T**HE ISLAND MAIL. By Clarice N. Detzer, Harcourt, Brace and Company, N. Y. 1926, pp. 198. Price \$1.50.

"The East Michigan coast dripped with fog. In the harbor town of Whitefish, electric lights were burning at four o'clock in the afternoon, and a thin, wet mist, blown in on a wind from Lake Michigan, drenched the faces of men and women in the street. Near the center of the town, in an upper room of a three-story house, two girls prepared for departure from Whitefish that evening on a Bay Line steamer."

Thus begins a story that holds interest to the end. A mystery story with a Michigan setting for boys and girls, absorbing in plot and beautiful in diction and prose rhythm. The plot concerns the mysterious disappearance of the mail which was entrusted to two girls crossing from the east shore of Lake Michigan to "Four Wind Island." The author knows the Lake and its perils and indulges a mood that will appeal strongly to the healthy instinct of youth for adventure and thrills. The old lighthouse and the operations of a government life-saving station play into the story. Flashes of description illumine the narrative. Mrs. Detzer is one of Michigan's best known fiction writers, but here she assays her first book length story, which ran serially in the American Girl Magazine as "Secret Cargo". She lives at Leland, Michigan; the wife of Karl W. Detzer, whose novels are well known beyond the borders of the state. They know well the legends and history of the Lake and the North country. This story of a lonely island in Lake Michigan, a stolen mail bag, and two girls who went to visit the lighthouse keeper for a happy holiday only to find themselves immediately involved in one of the Lake's old mysteries, is wholesome reading for schools.

THE HOUSE THAT LOVE BUILT. By W. Francklyn Paris. The Hadson Press, N. Y., 1925, pp. 91.

"In an age given over to Utilitarianism, when the popular idea of 'Efficiency' consists in filling every hour of the day with occupation that will yield 'results,' and when 'results' mean only effects collectible at the bank, it is both a joy and an encouragement to behold such a center of commercialism as is Detroit turning long enough from the manufacture of automobiles to buy hyacinths for its soul."

So writes the author of this fine brochure descriptive of the new Detroit Public Library.

The booklet is dedicated to Cass Gilbert, the creator of this "Italian Renaissance Temple to Arts and Letters." It is richly illustrated, and the description is given in extended but most pleasing detail. Characterizing the structure as a whole Mr. Paris says:

"Like Rude's statue of Marshal Ney, it is arrested motion, if the metaphor may be used in connection with a building. It is perfect rhythm immobilized, a song in marble, the grace of movement without movement. You cannot get away from the idea of music and poetry as you gaze at this architectural symphony."

The concluding chapter, describing the mural decoration of the Children's Room, is of special interest to lovers of Michigan geography and history. This decoration presents in outline the State of Michigan, and adjacent waters, with scenic representation of certain picturesque physical and historical features. This painting alone would compensate any visitor for miles of travel to see. In the writer's words:

"The rich border is a decorative arrangement of the French royal coat of arms centered against a background picturing the gardens and fountains of Versailles, the royal residence of Louis the XIVth under whose reign Detroit and the surrounding territory was settled by the French.

"The left border as the central decoration has a round shield such as the early red-skins carried as a defense against arrows. The background is a woodland landscape with rabbits, coyotes and screech owls disporting themselves in the wilderness.

"The lower border consists of two tablets inscribed with mottoes in Latin with small medallions between, in which are pictured an Iroquois brave, a French trapper and the explorer La Salle, who visited the site of Detroit in 1670.

"The right hand inscription reads: 'Si quaeris Peninsulam Amoenam circumspice,' which is the motto of the State. While the inscription to the left proclaims the fact that, "Tamen Fit Surculus Arbor."

"Within this border are outlined in the bluest blue the waters of Lake Superior, Lake Michigan, Lake Huron and Lake Erie. The land which environs them in a vista of trees and prairies, with here and there a group of Indian tepees or a windmill to indicate Chippewa or Huron villages or white settlements.

Over Lake Superior a flock of wild geese are shown in flight and bark canoes in groups of three or four and manned by red-skins, or trappers, glide over the surface, as also on Lakes Erie and Huron. In Lakes Michigan and Huron is shown the first ship of war (it carried two brass cannon and three blunderbusses) that ever sailed these placid waters. This was LeGriffon, or the Griffin, built by order of La Salle in 1679 on the shore of Lake Erie 'two leagues above the great Fall of Niagara.' It took its name from the figure-head which was a flying griffin copied after the griffins which supported the coats of arms of Count Frontenac. Father Hennepin, historian and missionary, writing in his 'New Discovery' says that 'all the savages inhabiting the banks of those lakes and rivers for five hundred leagues together were filled with fear as well as admiration when they saw it.'

"Although the map is painted in the tempo of 1700 there is introduced by historical license, a picture of the Battle of Lake Erie which Perry fought on September 10th, 1813, in Put-in-Bay near the western end of Lake Erie. The British and American sloops, brigs and ships of war are shown blazing merrily with all their guns, but their number and size [have] been reduced to come within the frame formed by the painted waters of the lake.

"Near the site of what is now Detroit there has been painted a picture of what was once Fort Ponchartrain, a stockade within which the hundred or so French settlers of Detroit lived, traded and fought under la Mothe Cadillac, the first governor of the territory.

"Set in small frames at the two lower corners of the map are, at the right, the Church of Ste. Anne, built on the site of the little log chapel erected by Cadillac in 1701 just outside the stockade and repeatedly destroyed by Indians and rebuilt; and at the left an Indian encampment.

Two figures outlined against a golden halo complete the composition. One, in the upper right hand corner, represents le roi soleil, as Louis XIV wished to be known, mounted on a white horse; and the other in the left margin, shows an Indian chief in all the feathered glory of his rank.

"The map measures eighteen feet in breadth by thirteen feet in height, the borders adding several feet, and is painted in subdued colors in which blue and buff predominate. The halos back of the

effigy of the French king and of the silhouetted Indian brave are of gold, as is the territory of Michigan not occupied by forest or settlements. The blue of the waters contrast agreeably with the general tone of the composition and the whole thing might serve as a carton for a tapestry, so pictorial and decorative is it in outline and color treatment.

"Taught by this process geography becomes a joy."

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**M**R. E. G. PIPP, publisher of *Pipp's Magazine*, Detroit, has done a good service in providing about a hundred useful biographical sketches of prominent Detroit citizens in a handsomely illustrated brochure entitled *Men Who Have Made Michigan*. The booklet contains full page portraits of Governor Green and Mr. Henry Ford, with well written sketches presenting the life factors which have contributed to their success and to their ability to serve the community at large.